Neglect is the Mother of Sorrow—*See page ii of cover.*

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JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 508 SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1916 ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this number see page 28.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

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Feb. 26, 1916.

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Vol. XIX. No. 508. Week ending Saturday, February 26th, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*.

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

A Straw?

Did you notice that phrase in Mr. Asquith's recent speech to the Labour members—apropos of any further measure of compulsion? "Those who want it must take my place," he said. That's all.

"The Soldier's Bible."

That is the greatest compliment yet paid to our journal—for it is what the boys at the front call us. So we are informed by several correspondents.

The Old Story.

In our issue of January 29th we called attention to the fact that, although we are the greatest Naval Power in the world, no sailor sits upon our War Council. We now read that at "one of the largest of the series of meetings in regard to attendance," in addition to the regular members, "Admiral Sir Henry Jackson, the First Sea Lord, and several other Admirals" were called in. The old story!

"Jack" and the Navy.

We do not quite appreciate that recent attack by the *Morning Post*—one of the few outspoken and fearless journals of the day—upon Lord Fisher. Nor do we think that the approval of three retired Admirals—none of whom, so far as we know, ever distinguished himself in the Service—adds any weight to its attitude. We still say that Jack's the man.

Our Brother Hun.

"I do not wish to see, and I do not think that any humane man would wish to see, a period of prolonged poverty in Germany." Thus spake Mr. Runciman, President of the British Board of Trade, the other day. Well, *we* are not "humane." *We* wish to see Germany, as an industrial nation, annihilated, smashed, demolished. Oh, these politicians! What *are* we fighting for?

Latest Society News.

We came across the following gem in the papers the other day:—

> Otto Zugbaum, a young German interned in the Isle of Man, is spending his honeymoon in London. He was released for a week to enable him to get married, and, subject to certain mild restrictions in the matter of early hours, is free for the time being.

If Herr and Frau Zugbaum will let us have their address, we shall be happy to send them a suitable present.

"Watch Russia!"

Doesn't look much like a "spent force," does she?

That Zepp.

Would you like to know where L19 is? But here comes the Censor!

Germans in High Places.

Would some enterprising Member of Parliament ask a question in the House—or, better still, move for a Return—respecting the number of German-born servants at present in the employ of members of the Government?

That Crest.

We have no desire to worry unduly the Prince of Wales in regard to that German motto, but we wish respectfully to press upon him, and the King, the suggestion which has reached us from many Welsh readers—*i.e.*, that he should alter *Ich Dien* to *Eich Dyn*—the native words for "Your man." There is historical authority for the view that these were the words originally used—and, in any case, nothing could be better. What says his Royal Highness?

An Unpalatable Fact.

This is what one of our leading airmen—a man, in fact, who has done more practical air work than anyone else—tells us: "What we know, and what we have to accept—unpalatable as it is—is the fact that under certain atmospheric conditions neither we nor anyone else can offer the least defence to an aerial attack; and it's a pity the public are not taught this." All of which is another argument for Reprisals.

The "Little Man."

When will the Government give the "little man" a chance? We were speaking to an East-End trouser maker the other day, and he told us that he could supply the Army with 1,000 pairs a week at much less than the War Office is paying, but they won't have anything to do with him! And up North we know of a contractor who is passing on to certain regiments vegetables which he buys from a "little man" who has offered to supply them at almost half the price now being paid—with the same result. Oh, for that Bis-Guv!

Tommy's Tribute.

Here is an extract from a letter, written by a Tommy at the front, and published in the *Ealing Gazette*—descriptive of the Christmas festivities in the trenches: "'A few words of appreciation were addressed to Mr. Horatio Bottomley, the man who has the welfare of the Tommies at heart more than anyone else, and the man who has done more than any living person to see that we are fairly treated. His health was drunk, and the cheers which followed were heard at two kilometres away. They were cheers of the grateful Tommies for the greatest man the war has made." We wish it were all true!

The soldier is envied who has a "John Bull" Pen.

Brave, Pearson!

What an eloquent report that is just issued respecting the first year's work of the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel, at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park. You should write to Mr. C. Arthur Pearson—the Chairman of the Committee—for a copy of it. It will do your heart good to read it.

"Little Thomas."

Have you forgotten "Little Thomas"—the corner man of the old Mohawk Minstrels? He is now nearly 80 years of age and has, we understand, fallen upon evil days. He is promoting a Bohemian concert at the Kentish Town Baths, Prince of Wales' Road, N.W., on Monday, March 13th. Perhaps some of you might like to go and give him "a hand."

Asking for Trouble.

An advertiser for a clerk-collector with working hours from 9 to 6.30 offers a "permanent job" to a man "aged 60-65." As the wages are only 16s., the would-be employer shyly disguises his identity under an initial and a box number, so we regret our inability to announce his name. To pay a man 16s. weekly and employ him to collect money is a direct invitation to dishonesty.

The Bounty of Bo'ness.

Another case of inadequate wages has been brought to our notice. The Town Clerk at Bo'ness advertises a vacancy for an assistant to superintend at a slaughter house. The lucky man who secures the post will work only from 1 p.m. to 7 p.m., but he must have knowledge of cattle and other necessary qualifications. Preference will be given to a disabled soldier, if he can fulfil requirements. And the wages? Well, they amount to the stupendous sum of 12s. 6d. per week. Trains for Bo'ness start from King's Cross, and we expect to find them crowded with anxious applicants.

Not so Certain.

Although Mr. C. H. Norman, the Peace crank, does not appeal very strongly to our sympathy, we are not at all certain that in dismissing, with contempt, his argument that the present Parliament is an illegal body by virtue of having voted itself salaries and continuing to sit, the Divisional Court was as right in its law as the Judges assumed. We should be prepared to argue that M.P.s to-day *are* holders of offices of profit under the Crown—and, therefore, required re-election after assuming such office; but Mr. Norman's method of raising the point was clumsy.

Pension Penalties.

If the administration of the Old Age Pensions Act at Kingston-on-Thames is any criterion to proceedings elsewhere, it is time for Parliament to say that its intentions shall not be defeated and the Act annulled. Not only do the officials examine and cross-examine pensioners and their neighbours, but any pretext is seized on for docking the pension or stopping it altogether. One bed-ridden old dame in an almshouse was deprived because some kind friend had paid for a woman to go in and clean up and see to the fire. An old gentleman is occasionally given a dinner by his daughter; the dinners are reckoned as "income"! One Lady Bountiful sent presents now and then to an old pensioned crone. Both the lady and the pensioner were questioned as to the annual value of these voluntary gifts, and "the pension was knocked off." Such methods are inquisitorial and outrageous, and somebody's knuckles at Kingston badly need rapping.

The Price of Bread.

Bread rises, firstly, because of the yeast; secondly, because of the rapacity of the millers or bakers, or both. That its present price is a false one and wholly unwarranted is proved by the fact that it can still be purchased in Scotland for 7d. the 4 lb. loaf. This price is advertised by the Bonnybridge Co-operative Society, who further say:—"Has never been more, and will remain at that price for a considerable time yet." Bread at 3½d. the half-quartern will make many a London housewife sigh that she does not live in Scotland.

A Plaguy Priest.

The attitude of the Rev. E. N. Dew, Vicar of Galleywood, Chelmsford, towards the soldiers billeted in his parish, has not been all that it should have been and when the reverend gentleman ventures upon invidious allusions from the pulpit, he has only himself to thank for any trouble which may arise. We understand that a few Sundays ago there was quite a lively row in the course of the morning service, as a result of which three soldiers were placed under arrest and ultimately fined several days' pay. "Discipline must be kept up," of course, and brawling in Church is most unseemly, but we fancy the authorities would have viewed the offence with a more lenient eye had they been familiar with the record of Galleywood's priest.

Sad Case of a Bishop.

Pity the poor Bishops! The cry often goes up, because, you know, their miserable incomes are quite insufficient to maintain them in that simple condition of life to which they, as successors to the poor fishermen of Galilee, desire piously to conform. Think of the sad state of the Bishop of Chichester. Here is his wife, Mrs. Bishop, if you please, obliged to advertise thusly: "Can any Lady recommend a strong capable girl of 16 as scullerymaid? Church of England; some knowledge of cleaning etc., necessary." She need only know a bit about washing up and scrubbing, but she must subscribe to the 39 Articles! However, that is not the point. This is: "Three in family, nine servants kept.—Address, Mrs. Ridgeway, The Palace, Chichester." Three in family—my Lord Bishop, Mrs. Bishop, and A. N. Other—and only nine attendants to minister to their creature comforts. Truly do the servants of the Lord find their ways set in hard places.

More Transport Scandals.

A splendid example of the Government attempt to carry out economy, and their zeal to utilise all available tonnage and keep freight down, is furnished by their latest exploit. There was a shortage of meat for the French and British troops in France, and the Incompetents who manage these affairs ordered one of the Nelson Line boats to load about 3,000 tons. It was pointed out that this vessel had to undergo a large overhaul before she could be available, but that a sister ship was then in the port of London with an exactly similar cargo of meat on board, ready to sail. The authorities refused this meat, and ordered the repairs to be proceeded with at all cost, night and day, Sundays and all; and eventually the vessel was ready to load, the cost having been enormous. Now for the sequel to the blundering and incompetence of the Transport Department and the officials of the Board of Trade: That very cargo which it had been suggested should be sent to France, and which had meantime been landed, was actually re-loaded into the repaired ship, and then sent out! And now, perhaps, the public will understand how the shortage of tonnage grows apace—and the shipowners and neutrals grow fat.

Regrets do not pay damages. **See page ii of cover.**

Dutch Justice.

It is reported from Cape Town that nine members of the crew of the s.s. *British Prince* have been smartly punished for the offence of stealing cargo. In ordinary circumstances, we should have little sympathy with the culprits, but it seems that in this case the unfortunate men had been shipwrecked and stranded upon a solitary island—where, as the only alternative to starvation, they had helped themselves to the stores of the derelict vessel. Most people will agree that the mere recital of these facts should have sufficed to procure the acquittal of the sailors, but the Dutch Magistrate at Cape Town thought fit to fine them £3 each, and in one case £5, with the alternative of 14 days' imprisonment. Such sentences upon British subjects in a British colony are, happily, rare.

"The Better the Day—"

Any North-countryman who contemplates pegging out in Blyth had better leave instructions that he is not to be buried on a Sunday, or he may have to remain above ground. The Blyth clergy have notified the local Council that they have decided not to officiate at Sunday funerals. This decision is made, regardless of the convenience of mourners, on the ground that Sunday funerals cause extra labour. We thought Sunday was the clergyman's day of work, but in Blyth the clergy wish to make it another day of rest, to add to the other six. The Chairman of the Council said that people in Blyth must now "select a more suitable day for dying." While they are about it, let them decide not to die at all. Go on strike against dissolution, and put the local clergy out of work.

A Welsh Hun.

A farmer, named Robert Williams, has been fined £5 at Carmarthen for cruelty to a collie dog. Annoyed by the animal trespassing on his farm, he caught it, soaked its coat in paraffin, and set fire to it. The dog ran to its home, enveloped in flames, suffering tortures sickening to imagine. What can be said of a man capable of such fiendish cruelty as this? And what of the Bench who considered a fine of £5 adequate punishment for so hideous a crime? Williams has proved himself to be too loathsome a creature even to be spat upon. Such a vile offence as his is rank, and stinks to heaven. Instead of a paltry fine—which he probably paid with cynical indifference—he deserved six months of the tortures of the damned, and if it were in our power we would see that he had them.

Ireland Out of It.

The Archbishop of Armagh has made so many fine appeals for recruits that we are not surprised at his protest against the exclusion of Ireland from the Single Men Conscription Bill. Mr. Asquith bases this exclusion on the ground that Ireland was not brought under the Derby scheme. This is not a reason—it is an excuse; or, at any rate, so far as it is a reason, it destroys itself, for the question then arises, why was Ireland *not* brought under the Derby scheme? The truth is, it has for years been the policy of excluding Ireland from all, or nearly all, legislation which is applied to the rest of the kingdom. Our Irish soldiers are the bravest of the brave; and on any view of the Government's Bill, equity demands that the compulsion applied to single men in England, Scotland and Wales should be applied to the single men of Ireland also. It is not, however, equity which is thought of in the case. What *is* thought of is a revival of the feud about "Coercion" and Home Rule—and the keeping of the Irish vote in Parliament.

"Merry" Margate.

Here is another poser for the Liquor Control Board: In Margate, where the public-houses and clubs remain open as usual, there were *no* cases at the January Quarter Sessions, whilst before the Justices there has been only one charge of drunkenness since October, and that against a non-resident. Now, "Lord Unicorn"!

The Club for Huns.

Fifty members of the East Ham Central Liberal and Radical Club are in khaki; all honour to them. Apparently only about six patriots remain in the club. At its annual meeting, when there was "a large attendance," the following resolution was proposed: "That application for membership from a German or Austrian subject cannot be entertained; and on appearance before the Committee for election, each candidate for membership must satisfy the Committee that he is not a subject of either Germany or Austria." One would expect the meeting to pass that resolution *nem. con.* and with acclamation—but no. "It was lost, only six members voting for it." Just imagine those fifty in khaki, when they come home, rubbing shoulders with Huns in their own club-house!

Huns and Horticulture.

The British public are entitled to look for a little more patriotism, too, on the part of the Royal Horticultural Society. At a meeting the other day, Sir Harry Veitch was questioned as to whether there was a German on the Library Committee. He admitted that there was, and added the gratuitous information that he had "the greatest possible respect for the man." The public are not in the least interested to know what enemy aliens Sir Harry Veitch has "the greatest possible respect" for. They will bitterly resent the simple and admitted fact that a Hun is allowed to retain his membership of so purely a British association as the Horticultural Society. Moreover, the man is said to be at present interned, which suggests that the authorities have less confidence in him than has Sir Harry Veitch. Among the honorary members of the Society is the perjured Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Yet he is to be let alone because, forsooth, in the words of a member, "He won't hurt us." That member is mistaken. This sort of thing damages the united patriotism of the people.

The Soldier's Wife.

The latest libel on the soldier's wife is committed by Mrs. Harold E. Gorst, in a Sunday newspaper. With a familiarity as disgusting as it is gushing, she condescends to expostulate with "Mrs. Tommy" on the way she spends her money, regretting that "only too many of them" now handle more money than they ever "possessed in all their lives." The soldier's wife—or Mrs. Tommy, as Mrs. Gorst persists in calling her—is alleged to be buying lacquered brass-railed beds, tinkling pianos, flashy vases, ornate mirrors, expensive plumed hats, dyed pussy cat skins, rings, glittering hair combs, and long dangling earrings. She has forgotten how to cook, lives on tinned food and ready-cooked ham and beef, seeks the halls and cinemas, and patronises what Mrs. Gorst, for some occult reason, calls the "s'loon" bars of public-houses. The whole article, under a pretence of friendly condescension, is a scandalous slander on soldiers' wives, based on what Mrs. Gorst thinks she has observed in one or two isolated instances. As a picture, it is grotesquely out of drawing, and it would do the lady good to hear a few words from the real "Mrs. Tommy" and then go into a corner and think hard.

Our £1,000 Football Competition will be found on page iii of cover.

Some Use Once.

Charged with being an absentee from his regiment, a soldier told the Magistrate that he had had a period of leave and had been "trying to make the best of it." It was a poor excuse, no doubt. "You mean the worst of it," corrected the Cadi. "A man without discipline is no use as a soldier." True enough, of course, but the magistrate may not perhaps have noticed that the culprit was wearing the ribbon of the Distinguished Conduct Medal—won, we believe, by conspicuous gallantry in rescuing wounded comrades at St. Eloi, not far from Mons. Such a decoration is seldom conferred upon a soldier who is "no use." Perhaps there was a mistake somewhere, after all.

The Smaller Paper.

Before us lies a daily paper; one of the halfpenny ones that affect to speak for the working-classes. And this is how it speaks: "In compliance with the Government policy regarding the importation of pulp and paper" it, the journal under notice, "will be reduced in size . . . . Only a few of the casualties can be published." The "casualties," mark you, are the Roll of Honour, the list of the glorious dead and wounded that the whole country turned to every morning when printed in full. The "Casualty List" of this journal of the people is now bereft of names, and reads like this: "1,095 of the rank and file, of whom about 399 are dead." There is no room now for more! —but one-third of another page is devoted to a drawing and description of "A Restaurant Dinner Gown."

Home to Roost.

A lady correspondent of an American journal has been relating her experiences in Belgium amid the first horrors of invasion. In company with a representative of the French Red Cross, she waited upon the German Military Governor of Brussels, begging him to allow the entrance of milk-carts into the war-stricken city, "so that the babies should not starve." This humane request was peremptorily refused. "There are no men, women, and children," ran the Governor's message, "*only enemies*—when Germany makes war." Next day, we are told, 100 babies died in Brussels, starved to make a German "victory." In spite of this, the Huns are howling because the Allies are preventing hundreds of tons of condensed milk (from which, incidentally, explosives can be made) from being imported into Germany from America.

"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!"

And it looks as if so should say all of us. For this is what has happened at Marston, in Bedfordshire. A rumour got abroad that the Rector, the Rev. H. J. Sharpe, was about to resign the parish, and take his good wife with him. The parishioners would have none of it. They signed a petition, nearly every one of them, asking him to stay on; and not only so—when he consented to remain among them, they organised a mass meeting. "The Rector and Mrs. Sharpe, when they entered the schoolroom, had a great ovation. The place was crowded, there being scarcely standing room, and the speakers were drawn from all classes of the community, the occasion marking an unique demonstration of affection." So says the reporter. In using the word "unique" he is right. There are few country parishes indeed where such a touching and heartening expression of popular esteem for a Rector could be chronicled. A parson so loved must be well worth loving, and to be loved like that must be the reaping of a harvest sown with golden grain. And in this case there is another rare thing; like parson is evidently like lady.

The Cry of the Chorus Girl

Piteous pleas continue to reach us from chorus girls and others defrauded of their scanty wages by levanting managers of revues and similar touring ventures. We have heard of a dreadful case where a poor girl, receiving no money, was unable to pay her landlady and was turned into the streets of a strange town many miles from home and help. She has never since been heard of! Variety artists and managers of halls and theatres must rid the stage of this reproach.

Befouling a Church.

On a recent Sunday evening was held at St. Paul's Church, Worthing, what is described as a "Lantern Service," when pictures were thrown upon the screen to the accompaniment of running comments by the Vicar. Amongst the pictures was one showing Boulter's Lock on a Sunday afternoon in summer. This was described by the Vicar as one of the causes of the war. We will treat such drivel with the contempt it deserves, for a worse thing followed. A portrait of the Kaiser was exhibited to the congregation, which consisted mainly of children and young people. A picture of the Arch-Devil, the foulest fiend who ever assumed human shape, was presented before the eyes of people gathered together to worship in the consecrated house of God! The observation accompanying this picture was to the effect that here was seen one who deserves more sympathy and pity than any man on earth! Cannot such scandals be checked?

Bibles for Boches.

We have reason to believe that the British and Foreign Bible Society are maintaining direct communication with Berlin, and that the number of cases of Bibles sent from England to the Huns has increased rather than diminished since the outbreak of war. Moreover, the All Highest Baby Killer is said to have paid his annual subscription (£25) for 1916. No doubt these transactions are carried on with the consent of the Government; but they have our strong disapproval and remind us of the Scriptural comment on the folly and futility of casting pearls before swine. The Huns have had access to the Bible long enough to prove that its teaching has no effect upon their bestial nature. It has become obvious that the bullet and the bomb are the only weapons that will effect the reformation of the Boches—if reformation be possible. We therefore think that the B. and F.B.S. are wasting good money, largely subscribed by British subjects, in supplying copies of the Scriptures to our foul and diabolic foes.

The Bread of Idleness.

There is a nice, soft easy job going in Deal, to judge by an advertisement in the local paper. It affects to want a "practical carpenter and joiner," but that is just a joke. What is really required is a man to work at the bench and manage the business of a builder and estate agent. It is imperative that he should know all about bricklaying, painting, glazing, paperhanging, gas-fitting, and plumbing, but that is a mere detail. He must be able to employ labour, and to prepare plans, specifications, and estimates. Knowledge of book-keeping, real estate values, and current builders' prices is essential; so is the ability to buy and sell, and to renovate old properties. Just to go on with, he must collect rates and keep cottages in repair, and look after a fire insurance agency. When he has got through those little spare-time occupations, he will probably be expected to start work making bricks. No salary is mentioned, but perhaps there would be some monetary allowance made to the lucky Jim who secures this post.

The little gift of big pleasure. the "John Bull" Pen.

More Economy.

We read that, as part of the Port of London scheme to curtail expenditure, Waterloo Pier is to be removed. How much will the job cost?

Germhuns at Large.

A Manchester man says he has information that many fit young Germhuns in an Isle of Man internment camp are being released, and that "somebody is pulling the strings to get these men out." If this is the fact, will the illustrious gentleman in charge of the Home Office be good enough to pull the strings to keep them in—or, if he lets them loose, put them where a Zeppelin can get at them?

"Scotch."

Two years ago, or less, we would have been more inclined to believe that swords would be beaten into scissors and spears into tuning-forks than that distilleries would be taken over for munitions and Scotch whisky converted into high explosives. This, however, is the decision of the Ministry of Munitions, so that in another few months we anticipate that Mr. Lloyd George will commandeer the hop factories for making airships out of ginger-beer. Queer times we live in, don't we?

Those Hornets.

So many readers are asking where is that host of hornets which Mr. Winston Churchill promised should attack any visiting airship, that we feel bound to supply a reason for their absence. After all, it is only a matter of natural history. Hornets are, of course, dormant in winter.

The Rising Tide.

Those cries of "Traitors" and "German Gold" with which the names of Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith were greeted at the Cannon Street meeting on the weakness of the blockade were, of course, exuberances of feeling; but "Shoot them!" "Court-martial them"—with Lord Haldane included—shows the temper of the City.

Pulling Our Leg.

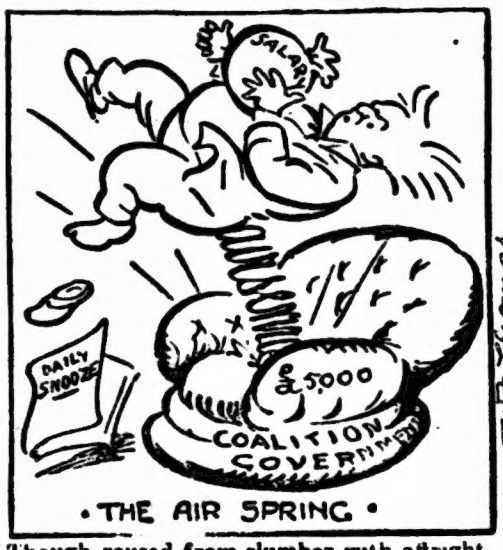
This is what one of the Tommies in the trenches—God bless him!—tells us. He has a war trophy in the shape of a door-knocker, and he got it this wise: "We were being *strafed* the other day, and I was sent with an urgent message to the Colonel's billet in the village—when the Huns suddenly blew the whole place to smithereens; *and I was left with the knocker in my hand*—out of which the village had been blown, so to speak." Wonderful lads!

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

• THE SHIRKERS' SIEVE •

Through the tribunals' gaping sieve
Too many men escape;
Therefore the meshes, we believe,
Will take a "finer" shape.



• THE AIR SPRING •

Though roused from slumber with affright
To (r)air activity,
The Premier, with a grip more tight,
Still hugs his salary.

• THE GRAND DUKE •

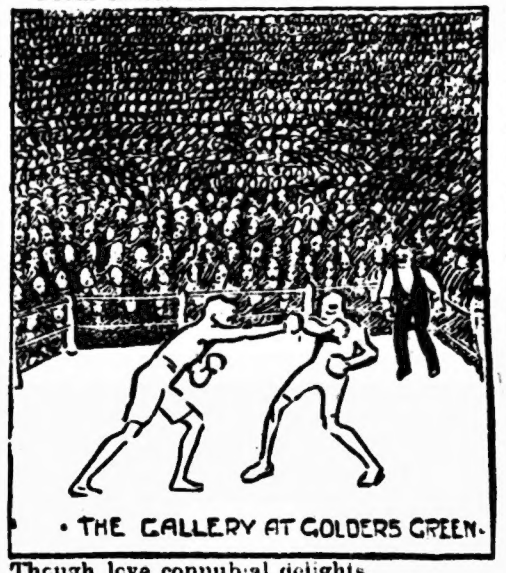
Watch Russia! said JOHN BULL of old:
And now foul Turkey's doom
Will inexorably unfold
From shattered Erzerum.

• LOSING LUCY •

Nay, linger longer, Lucy, do!
Nor go until you're "paired":
Of all the Commons members, you
Can least of all be spared.

• THE INCUBUS

Though preaching strict economy
To meet war's fearful tax,
Still does the salaried M.P.
Burden the people's backs.



• THE GALLERY AT GOLDERS GREEN •

Though love connubial delights
In haunting Golders Green,
Few fiercer "scraps" than Monday night's
Have anywhere been seen!

The pastime which pays: making "Bullets."

MORE OPTIMISTIC THAN EVER!

GERMANY IS DOOMED—ALLIES GROW STRONGER—ENEMY WEAKER.

BY THE EDITOR.

We are in the nineteenth month of war. How do we stand—what are the prospects of those allied forces which are fighting for the honour of civilisation; for the peace of the world? Do I still see—through all the clouds of doubt and darkness which have gathered in these grim months of bloody conflict—the silver lining of hope, the light that will burst forth into the sunshine of victory? Yes. Never was I more certain than I am to-day that ours is the winning side—ours the cause that must triumph. Have I ever questioned the ultimate issue? Never. God knows there have been moments when it needed a stout heart to withstand the set-backs and disappointments born of unpreparedness—the children of indecision. There have been days when, but for a firm faith in the justice of our cause and an ever-abiding belief in the strong right arm of Britain, I might have wavered in my confidence—have felt, if only as a spasm, the qualms of misgiving. But ever since we picked up the challenge the Germhun threw down to great Russia, brave France and sturdy and struggling Belgium, I have kept a stiff upper lip, and have done my individual, if humble, part to keep strong the heart of the nation. The will to win is the way to victory. We have willed, we of the British people at home and in the far-flung outposts of Empire; and to-day, when the latest and greatest exploit of the Russian steam-roller is still ringing in our ears, I am more optimistic than ever. And I can say to-day, without any hesitation, that we are marching steadily and surely—if with great suffering and grievous losses—along the death encumbered road to victory. The toll of brave boys is before my eyes, the lamentations of the bereaved are in my ears, as I write. Yet the thought that none has died or suffered in vain, and that the goal is coming gradually nearer, must be our consolation in sorrow, our pride in the hour of achievement.

ENEMY'S DECREASING STRENGTH.

Look where you will, to the blood-stained fields of Flanders or the snow-covered battle grounds of Eastern Europe, the portents are favourable, the indications hopeful. Wherever men are standing at death grips, there the power of the enemy is waning, and the strength of the forces of Britain and her Allies are waxing daily stronger. Gallant little Serbian soldiers have shaken themselves free of the foe, and are to-day renewing their powers, revitalising their fighting arm. Italy is holding Austria in check; the Allies at Salonika are firmly established ready for the blow which Germany and Austria, with the felon hands of Bulgaria, are afraid or unable to strike. Germany has had her victories; in West and East she has used her forces with military courage and human recklessness. But whichever way she turns, the power of our arms is strong and certain, is growing stronger to attack, and will ultimately reach out in overwhelming assault and drive the Germhun back through the lands he has violated, on to his own ground—forcing him gradually, but surely, to death and defeat. That day is not yet, nor will it come to-morrow. But it will arrive as surely as the summer will follow the spring. What is more, it will result from a combination of external forces and of internal influences. Beyond any atom of doubt, it would have arrived ere this had the full strength of British sea power and British man-power been thrown into the scale against the hated foe. Politicians have talked too glibly in the past of the "war of attrition," and have looked only to the lessening of Germany's strength through the reduction of her fighting ranks—by death, wounds and disease. But the wearing-down process has been operating within Germhuny itself—it has been both a moral and a physical process—and the more we put an end to the "neutral" nonsense and starve Germany of food for her people and munitions for her soldiers, the quicker we shall bring to a triumphant end this bloody and devastating conflict. When all has been said, the Germhun has put up a wonderful fight, unscrupulous, callous, base and degrading in methods, it is true—hellish and unclean—the fight of fiends incarnate and of the concentrated forces of Evil. Now the days of waning strength have come. Men and munitions have been flung away over far-stretching fields of war. From Belgium to Persia and the Suez Canal the Germhun has tried to hurl the thunderbolts of war, and to-day he is half-spent; he is struggling for breath—he is fighting, not for victory, but that he may hold enough when the day of reckoning comes to be able to barter and bargain for his very existence.

ALLIES GROWING STRONGER.

But while the Germhun is panting breathless in the struggle, we, the British people—nay more, the people of the British Empire—are growing daily stronger for the fight. This is our war; we like to think that, Allies or no Allies—and our friends in the fields of battle are strong and steadfast—it depends upon us. Defeat—that strange, unthinkable thing which some men in dark moments have allowed their imaginations to conjure up—would mean a fall for the British Empire more dire and awful than that of Satan when cast out from the hosts of Heaven. It would be bitter fruit to our Allies; for us it would mean death. And a great, strong, virile people—pulsating with life, big with tradition, rich in ideals—cannot die. That is why I knew from the day we stepped into the arena of war that—come what might—we should win, and win triumphantly. That triumph is already within our grasp. While the enemy weakens and sickens in the fight, the mighty arm of Britain grows daily stronger. Our people—slow to anger, difficult to rouse—have now thrown off the last lingering traces of the lethargy that comes

of isolation and prosperity. With that magnificent awakening, the Government is being called to greater activity; the voice of the people, through its Parliament, is louder to day than it has been since the country rang with the challenge of August, 1914; our young men in their millions are already in the field or are making ready for the fight. To quote Lord Kitchener, who has never yet spoken the empty phrases of the politician, "Germany has shot her bolt." We can judge to day the value of that other estimate, which came from Mr. Lloyd George—"Russia is a spent force and has made her contributien to the war." The soldier knew; the politician did not. From one end of the wide war area to the other, the capture of Erzerum will go forth as the answer of the soldiers of the Czar to the sneers of the enemy and the scepticism of friends. Nothing has been more wonderful in this wonderful tale of war than the endurance, the courage, the magnificent pluck of Russia. Victory, then reverse; marching the long road to Berlin, only to be hurled back into the snows of her own vast territories; again advancing, again checked—but never defeated. It is too soon yet to try to estimate the full value and significance of this bludgeon blow for the Turks in Asia. In Persia the Turko-Germans are being driven by the soldiers of the Czar, and now that Erzerum—the key to Eastern Asia Minor—has fallen before the prowess and endurance of our great Ally, the Grand Duke Nicholas has struck a blow which may bring to a speedy conclusion the latest schemes and activities of the enemy.

Our Inherent Strength.

But, while in every quarter of the vast sphere of operations there is splendid reason for confidence, there is none for withdrawing in however small a degree the full measure of our strength. That strength, as I have so often said, is not expressed in terms of soldiers alone. Men for the fighting line first, but men for the workshops—and women, too (how splendidly they are bearing their part!)—and money, money, always money. I have quoted before, and I do so again because I cannot too strongly press upon those who are influenced by my words what are the conditions without which neither I nor any sane man could have been, or could have continued, optimistic. This is what I wrote as my New Year's message in 1915; it will bear repeating in the nineteenth month of war—it was a message to the young manhood of the country:

> The triumphant cry "To Berlin" must be echoed not only by the allied troops serving in the field, but by every man of serviceable age and of fit condition now resting idle at home while others guard his free citizenship from the menace which assails it.

That cry has been echoed by hundreds of thousands, and to day there is in this country a mightier Army than the Empire had ever dreamed of—eager and anxious to take a part in the fighting, ready to die for the honour of Britain. But I am optimistic not only because the dawn of victory is shining on the stricken fields, but because we are strong to sustain the struggle, because we have the money as well as the men, the ships and the will to endure. When I think of the financial condition of Germhuny, of the food straits, of the startling fall in the value of the mark—which means that a shilling is only worth 8d., and will soon be worth much less—and then look at our own splendid state, I realise that optimism is an excellent quality when you have behind it, not only the fighting spirit of an unconquerable race, but the bulky money-bags of the wealthiest Empire. Oh, yes, we shall be pinched; our individual pockets will feel the strain; taxes will be heavy and the necessities of to day may be ranked as luxuries in the tax-paying months that are to come. But who minds that? Surely, we can bear our part of the great burden with a good grace so long as those who can afford most pay most, and the poor and humble are not made to suffer that those of us who save more may lose less. Let us reflect with pride that, America's money-making and war profits notwithstanding, we are and shall continue to be the strongest Power both economically and financially. We are the world's safest customer; we always pay our way, and we shall not get into arrears—wars or no wars. Think of it. In 1913 we imported Colonial and foreign goods for our own use to the value of £659,000,000. Last year (1915) we bought goods from abroad to the tune of £753,000,000; and if we add Government stores, then we get a total of nearly £900,000,000. And what is more, we found no difficulty in paying for them, and so carrying on the war and feeding ourselves. But we have not only bought and paid for all we needed, we have assisted our Allies to purchase what *they* needed; and a neat little sum of £350,000,000 has been gladly doled out from the Imperial Exchequer. So strong are we in the pocket that, while we have bought and loaned to the total of £1,250,000,000, we have faced our own war expenditure of £1,000,000,000.

They Can't Beat Us.

I have mentioned those mighty totals only to give some idea of what we can do, when we like, in money spending; in finding the "needful" not only for ourselves but those of our own kith and kin who are standing shoulder to shoulder with us, and for those matchless Allies who are proving true as steel. When I think of all that we have done to help to win this war—when I cast my eyes over the wide waters and realise that the colonies which the Germhun won with so much labour, and maintained at such cost, have been wrung from him never to be regained, and then look back again to all that has been accomplished in Europe—I feel that he must be a poor thing indeed who fails in stern abiding confidence in the ultimate issue. Speak to those who come back for a brief space to home and friends from the battlefield; they are full of fight, strong to endure, certain of success. Germhuny is beaten. Her new "frightfulness"—threatened but not yet put into execution—is a measure of her despair. Let us answer the threat with a strangle-hold blockade until the enemy hunger for bread and gasp for peace. They *can't* beat us: time and the big battalions, daily growing bigger, are on our side. Let us wage this war without thought of aught but winning; yes, and win we shall—gloriously, triumphantly. I am more optimistic than ever!

OUR BROKEN LEGIONS.

SHALL THEY STARVE—OR GO TO THE WORKHOUSE?

By A. G. Hales.

Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the soldiers of Britain, broken by disease in our war, have not where to lay their heads. Oh, the shame of it; the bitter, blistering shame that such things should be! The air is full of cant and humbug. Sleek, mealy-mouthed men with bellies with fat-capon lined, lift up their oily voices to the skies, and cry, "Brothers, let us fight a good fight; let us endure to the end for ours is a holy war, waged not for aggrandisement, not for lust of conquest, not for ambition, but for the freedom of the world and the ultimate uplifting of the souls of men; let us stay with the battle to the last trench, the last cartridge, the last man." Then they get them home to their feather beds, to their buxom wives, to their cut-glass and damask table-linen, to their sherry and their port, and thank God they are not as other men are, who dare to endure—and are then flung out on the streets in a welter of pouring rain to hack their lives out in the biting cold, with the consumptive cough; or to writhe in torment at street corners with limbs twisted by rheumatism and nerves scorched by sciatica; flung out of the Army to creep away like rats to odd, out-of-the-way corners in the slums, there to drag out the remnant of existence—nerve-shaken wrecks with blood in every vein poisoned beyond redemption by malarial scourges; with eyesight quivering to blindness and hearts swollen by valvular diseases almost to the bursting point. This is no fancy picture, painted to catch the vulgar eye; it is a stern, grim, shameful fact—it has been going on for months; it is going on to-day; it will go on until the war is over, and continue when Peace comes, unless you, the manhood and womanhood of Britain, lift up your voices in a savage growl and say: This damnable injustice shall cease!

Have You Become Sheep?

What is the matter with *you?* Where is the old-time temper, the old-world spirit that made the will of the people the law of the land? Revolutions have waked to life in these islands for lesser wrongs than those which now cry to Heaven for righteous readjustment. You yourselves murmur against these things in high and low places, but you bleat like sheep. The shadow of the "wig and gown" Government is on the land; it is on your souls and if you continue to endure it, you are not worth fighting for, not worth battling for, not worth thinking for. What is it you are afraid of—an old gentleman in power, whose parrot phrase of "Wait and see" has already made you the laughing-stock of your foes? What do you fear—a bunch of nobodies manufactured by Party pressmen and puffed into prominence by inspired paragraphs in the piping days of peace, when politics was as much a game as "poker" in a mining camp gambling hell—and not always as clean? Do you fear to make your will felt by such a group as that, because with the insolence born of unconscious mediocrity they passed the Defence of the Realm Act through a pussy-cat Parliament and then voted themselves a longer lease of Parliamentary life without consulting you? Do you fear to speak your mind to that ancient Parliamentary barnacle whose only decisive utterance has been, "I draw my salary and mean to keep on drawing it"? If they were big men I would understand your awe, but there is not more than one full-grown intellectual amongst them, and he has his hands full with the war machine. They have drugged you with phrases, and whilst you are comatose they are covering your carcases with the mantle of infamy for it is an infamy to throw upon the streets, or into the degrading lap of the workhouse, the gallant men who have been fighting for you. Here are the facts, and truth is eternal. . . . If a soldier is wounded in battle and incapacitated, he can draw a pension. If a soldier standing thigh deep in the mud and muck of the trenches comes home wrecked by rheumatism, he is thrown away like an old glove. If a shell carries off a man's arm he is provided for. If a mammoth shell, bursting near a squad of soldiers, shatters their health beyond redemption, and they can *show no maimed limbs*, they are turned off the strength of the Army and may go and rot in shameful poverty until death releases them from their misery. That way the knacker treats the worn-out cab-horse, but a huntsman would not so treat a hound. They know no more about war than babes and sucklings know about boot leather. They did not know how to prepare for it, or avoid it, and they do not know how to carry it on now they have it; but even their ignorance surely cannot be so limitless that they do not know that the chief object of shell fire is not to maim and kill but to demoralise by shattering nerves to the breaking point. Ignorant of all things pertaining to war as they are, I think they knew that much; it was only their usual tricky charlatanism that made them discriminate so unfairly between the one man with his lost limb and the twenty-five with wrecked systems—*they saved money on that line of meanness.*

The Broken Legion.

What is to become of all these human wrecks, these gallant, broken fellows? Remember, these are the men who sprang to the Colours at the first clarion call of war. These are the men and lads *you* cheered when they marched away to save the wrecked Regulars after Mons. These are the men *you* were proud to call your brothers, your pals, your husbands, your sweethearts, when the world rang with the glory of their deeds at Neuve Chapelle—at Hill 60, at La Basse, at the battles of the Marne. These are the boys who fought side by side with the Anzacs at Gallipoli—there will be more of them by ten to one, than of men riven by the steel or torn by shot or shell. Are *you* going to let this well-groomed, fat-voiced bunch of place-hunters and profit-takers throw *them* out to starve? Are *you* going to let *them* face the battle of life as broken men? God help you if you do, for you will prove yourselves by that act as sapless as a withered bough. Officers and men were great when they were sound and strong; they are great now when they are wrecked on your behalf. Are you going to stand by this broken legion and display on their behalf the same courage they displayed when they stood in the trenches, in the raw rain and biting sleet, and poured out their vitality for Britain's sake? Are you going *to force the Government to do justice now?* You will, if you are worth calling men and women. Accept no promises; be put off with no platitudes; compel the Government to pass an Act *at once* doing justice to the broken legion. You can do it; you have the power if you only have the will. These men gave the best of their lives for *you!*

WHAT ABOUT JELLICOE?

GIVE THE NAVY ITS HEAD—WHY HESITATE?

BY "MAN IN THE STREET."

We want to end this war by smashing the Huns, don't we? Well, "We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too." Then why don't we finish it off? Because we are not making the fullest use of our power. We are fighting for our very lives against liars, swindlers and assassins—who murder, torture, violate, burn and devastate, as we have seen in Belgium, France, Poland and Serbia. The recent murders in the Midlands and in Kent have shown us what we must expect if these brutes ever reached our shores. Now there is one kind of retaliation as to which every Britisher is agreed, and which would soon bring this war to an end. I mean that all goods, whether contraband or not (which would, of course, includes food), should be prevented from reaching Germany—whilst, on the other hand, nothing should be allowed to leave her ports. This was what the Order in Council of March 11th, 1915, said in so many words; it is what the Prime Minister promised. Yet still the Government do not carry it into effect. Now, how long are we going to suffer this shilly-shallying? More than half a million of our brave men have already been killed or wounded. The Cabinet consists of some twenty-two Party Politicians—who carry on the war, not as soldiers and sailors would do, but like so many "philosophers" and lawyers. A philosopher is one who can always see that there are two sides to every question; and he can see it so clearly that he is never able to make up his mind as to which of the two sides is the right one.

OUR NAVAL POWER.

Now it is in the power of our Fleet to starve Germany into submission We could cut off all her sea-borne supplies of food and raw material—including, of course, munitions of war. The British Fleet has never in its whole history been so strong as it is to-day. 350,000 men are afloat in our Navy, to say nothing of our gigantic mercantile marine. It may sound like an exaggeration, but it is literal truth, that we have at the present moment not hundreds, but some thousands of vessels of all kinds and sizes afloat—from battleships to mine-sweepers—engaged in war-like operations. The Government will not proclaim a strict blockade because it is afraid of offending neutral Powers! But why *should* they be so squeamish? Neutral Powers will not save our women and children from rape and torture if the Huns ever land here. Britain, with her Allies, is fighting the battle of right, of freedom, and of civilisation. If the neutral Powers don't like it—let them "lump" it. We are sick unto death of this sentimental drivel. The Germans are already beginning to feel the pinch of our sea power—little as it has been used. Those recently returned from Germany fully confirm this, and tell us of bread riots. It is a crying scandal that our Government should hesitate for one single moment to declare a blockade, and to enforce it as ruthlessly as the Federal States did in the course of the American Civil War. There was for some years, between 1861 and 1865, a cotton famine in Lancashire owing to this blockade, and our Lancashire lads and lasses suffered horrible privations. But they and the country generally recognised that we, as neutrals, had no right to attempt to dictate to the North how it should wage war against the South. We must, therefore, insist upon the Government doing unto others as those others in similar circumstances have done to us. To hesitate is treason. The country must be saved.

Now let us just consider the legal quibbles for a moment. A "blockade" means a refusal to allow neutral vessels to trade with the blockaded ports. Notice of a blockade must be given. It must be made effective. This means that there must be at hand a naval force sufficient to warn and turn back neutral vessels seeking to trade with the ports blockaded. We have ample force for this purpose, and plenty of Prize Courts at which to condemn a captured vessel as a "good prize of war." All this is as old as the hills. The Germans in the year 1900 began to build a huge fleet in order that they might be in a position to deprive us of our sea power. Now I should like all working men to realise what this means. Three-fourths of the surface of the earth is water, and about one-fourth only land. We import nearly three-quarters of the food which we consume, and we should starve if our supplies were cut off—in other words, if our Fleet could not protect them. In time of peace England has, for centuries, maintained the freedom of the seas, and all civilised nations have profited by it. In time of war, the Huns have never hesitated to starve a beleaguered fortress into submission; Paris contained some millions of non-combatants, as well as an army of some 600,000 men, when the Germans starved it into submission in 1871 by preventing any food or merchandise of any kind entering the city. Well the German Empire is, for all practical purposes, in a state of siege. The Russians, French, Italians and ourselves surround it on every side.

WHY HESITATE?

Why, then, in the name of common-sense, don't we use this enormous sea power which Providence has put into our hands to bring this butchery to an end? It is no longer a matter of doubt. We know for a certainty that all kinds of goods and commodities are reaching Germany through neutral countries, and the war is thereby being prolonged. The Foreign Office and the Admiralty between them are making a mess of it. It is difficult to apportion the blame. It is the old, old story. In the multitude of counsellors there is confusion rather than wisdom. But it must, and it shall, end. The Anglo-Saxon race has already proved to the hilt that it has not degenerated. Our soldiers and sailors have displayed, and are displaying, the same grand old qualities of patience, endurance, self-sacrifice and contempt of death which have built up this mighty Empire. Let the will of the people, therefore, prevail. The twenty-two must either submit or resign; for the time has come when we must determine—like all great races—either to live free or die bravely.

All impartial writers and historians have recognised that this great sea power has not been used oppressively by us—but, on the contrary, has been the means of advancing civilisation. Even the lying Huns sometimes speak the truth; and quite recently the notorious Herr Dernburg, in the *Berlin Tageblatt*, paid a tribute to this country by acknowledging that we had exercised our world-mission "wisely and profitably." We have, in fact policed the seas in the interests of the trade of all countries. Sea piracy—which was robbery on the sea or by descent from the sea upon the coast, committed by persons not holding a commission from any established State—has by our efforts been stamped out. In time of peace, the seas are now—thanks to the British Navy—free to all the world; and so long as Britain "Rules the waves" that freedom will endure.

THE SPOOFITION GOVERNMENT.

PHASES AND FACTS OF OUR AERIAL DEFENCES.

By Theodore Thomas.

After listening to the Air Defence Debate in the House of Commons I have been able to come at last to a definite conclusion which has been growing on me for months. This war is not being run by the Government; it is being run by a coalition of the washerwomen's department and the office boy's bureau. It is as tricky as a thimble-rigger and as artless as a horse-dealer. It never does anything to-day which it can possibly put off to do to-morrow. It never says what it means or means what it says.

Worn-out Wheezes.

The Government has so often audaciously bluffed about British air defences, that in my opinion a people who will believe it any more will believe anything. As Sir F. E. Smith, the present Attorney-General, once said, there are more ways of addling an egg than getting an Under-Secretary to sit on it; but on its own admission, at the lips of the tantalising Tennant, our air defences after eighteen months of war are a hoax, a fiction, and a dream. When all the shining lights of the Downing Street firmament have illuminated the scene, all the illumination comes to is that we haven't any air defences worth an Assouan. However, not to be unfair, it is right to state that Ministers are ordering some; at least, Mr. Tennant says so. We may get the goods next Christmas or we may get 'em next century, but they will arrive before we are all dead. The trouble is that until the British air defences are delivered the whole of London, the Coast towns, and the Midlands are as much at the mercy of the Germhuns as if their fleet of Dreadnoughts came out of Kiel to bombard us; and they know it. Practically, our only defence is the darkness of the land. The Zepps. laugh at our pop-guns, where we have 'em; in broad daylight the Taubes come, and laugh at our helplessness where we haven't. One after another, the Ministers have made statements about our air defences which are either audacious cod, astounding ignorance, or gross deception.

A Kaleidoscopic Commander.

There is the mystery and the bam about Sir Percy Scott. No sooner is he appointed than he is disappointed. He is put on the command of air defence to be taken off. He has resigned and he hasn't. He is here, and he is there, and he is nowhere. First he was part of the Admiralty, then he was part of the War Office; now Mr. Tennant says he is exactly where he was, but "what ultimately may be decided on I do not know." I have not heard from Sir Percy Scott, and I cannot write to him because on this showing I do not know where to find him, but it seems at least probable he himself has this in common with Jack Jones of Covent Gawden Mawket—he dunno where 'e are. The present Commander of the British Air Defence is said to be Lord French. Lord French has two millions of home forces to make fit for the business of war, and I gather he is commanding the air defences after he has left work in his spare time, on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. He does this instead of gardening, or reading the latest novel, or going to church. I am no prophet and no millionaire, but if I were either I would hazard my only shirt on the proposition that within a month Lord French will have mysteriously disappeared from his air command. As I understand, the present official arrangements are to conduct the war as a comic opera or a pantomime.

CARRY ON!

WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING, ANYHOW?

By Norman Tiptaft.

When you're told that Kitchener has been a failure, ask your informant what *he* has done to bring the war to a successful issue. When the professional pessimist bewails all our mistakes, our weaknesses, our incapacity, shut him up with a very pointed query as to the advisability of his bucking up and doing a bit more himself. Any fool can grumble. We want constructive criticism, but we don't want useful energy spent in grumbling that could be much better used in getting things done. If, on your way to business to-morrow morning, you really believe the world will be better for your boring a railway carriage full of people with your views on the failure of our diplomacy, our strategy, our army and everything else that is ours—well, may Providence, in the shape of a Zeppelin or some other effective instrument, convert you to a better frame of mind. The ordinary pessimist, who starts all the ugly rumours of death and disaster, knows no more about the war, and has no more inside information than you have. He talks because he likes to—not for your good or anybody else's.

"Of Course"—"But."

Of course, we've got some fools in Parliament. Of course, our home organisation isn't perfect. Of course, our War Office has made ghastly mistakes. We're not supermen. We're very ordinary, thick-headed, slow-moving Britons. Has Germany made no mistakes? Do you think she is satisfied with eighteen months' war, and London, Paris and Petrograd still intact? Do you think that the growls and grumbles that we put up are anything like as devout and hearty as those that are echoing through the Fatherland to-day? We didn't begin this job, we were entirely unprepared, and we have carried on till now *easily*. They began it; they had made frantic preparations guaranteed to finish it in six months—and not only have they failed, but every day turns the scale heavier against them.

If, in the face of these facts you can only give your fellow mortals the hump when you open your mouth—keep it closed. There is very real suffering in our midst—bravely borne. There is very hard and heavy work being done by our people. There are great burdens being carried by men and women of all classes to-day. The strain that we must stand is heavy enough for us all, without adding any that is unnecessary. Either bring a cheerful, helpful spirit to bear on current problems, or fade away into a decent obscurity.

Why Worry?

Having said that, let me add that the latest thing which is worrying so many people—the abandonment of the voluntary system—need not, if they will only use their common sense, worry them at all. As far as the principle was concerned, it was dropped when the first man was told he either had to enlist or lose his job—and that was nearly eighteen months ago. As to the details, no man will be compelled to go who can serve his country better at home, or who has such family claims on him as would render it an injustice to ask him to do so. While, for those who have so far done nothing to help, and have proclaimed their loud intention to do nothing save make excuses for the Huns—it is high time they met their friends.

Things are not perfect yet. Did any of us expect they would be? They are far better than they were. They will be better than they are.

Carry on,

If you cannot be wise, have common sense. **See page page ii of cover.**

Do you feel fit in the mornings ?

"Sow an action and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a destiny."

Take one dose of Kruschen Salts and you have sown an action that will ripen into a habit. That habit once sown, you will reap good health and a sense of constant vigour and—that will have a profound effect upon your destiny.

It is such a little thing, this Kruschen habit, only one half-teaspoonful in hot water, taken every morning when rising; but that habit is a certain remedy for irregularity, it ensures a cleanliness of the system that stimulates body, nerve and brain to be at their best under all conditions.

The Kruschen habit is an antidote to depression, a foe to disease, bringing in its train all the blessings of constant vigour, good health and spirit.

The case of Rheumatism or Gout which Kruschen Salts cannot benefit has yet to be discovered.

The ingredients of Kruschen Salts are necessary for healthy life.

Your body must, of necessity, obtain these ingredients from somewhere, or you could not live. Normally your system should extract these vital salts from your food—meat, bread, fruit, vegetables, milk, eggs and so on; but as a matter of fact, owing to impaired digestion, errors of diet, overwork, anxiety, worry, sedentary occupation and many other causes, your system does not extract from food the correct proportions of these essential life-giving salts. And what follows? Depression, or headaches, or constipation, or disordered liver, or inactive kidneys, or Rheumatism, or Gout, or Sciatica, or Lumbago, or Eczema—many of which arise from excess of Uric Acid, which is the cause of more trouble than many people suspect.

Kruschen Salts should be your safeguard. Besides cleansing the body of impurities gently, surely, and painlessly, they possess a wonderful power of giving new life and vitality to the countless millions of cells of which every body is composed. Flesh, blood, cartilage, bone, brain, and nerve are all made up of cells, and every cell requires one or more of the numerous constituents of Kruschen Salts for its healthy life.

Kruschen Salts

MAKERS ESTABLISHED IN MANCHESTER 1754

ENTIRELY BRITISH FOR 160 YEARS

1/6 per bottle. All Chemists

E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES (KRUSCHEN) LTD., 68, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester

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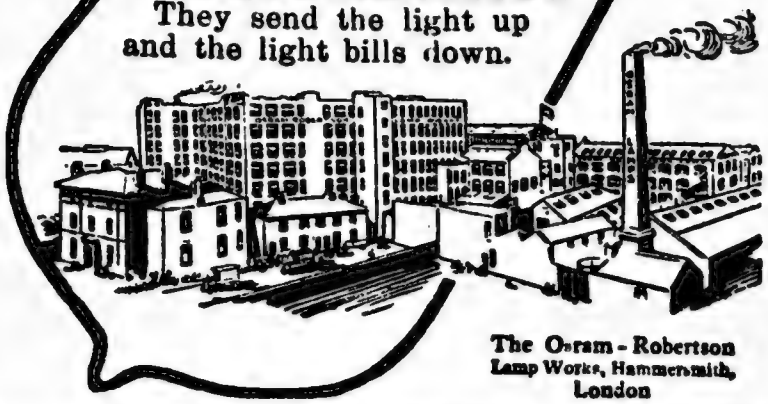

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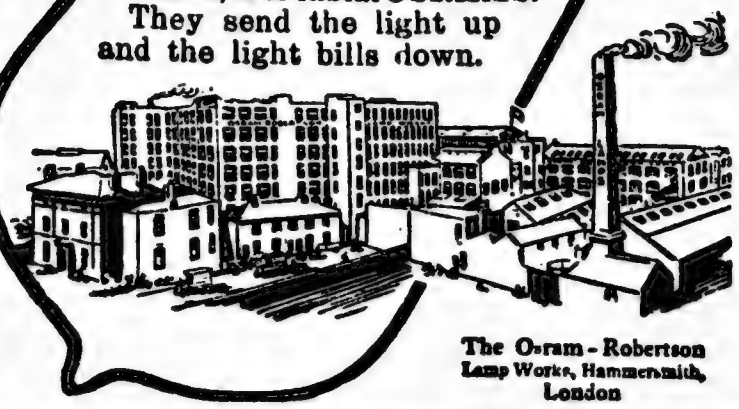

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Prime Minister.

Dear Mr. Asquith,—By this time you must be fully convinced of the desire of the nation to comply in every possible way with the demands of your Government. But if you expect the people to save, and avoid luxuries, you should have not only the courage but the common-sense to set the example. What about Ministerial salaries which have been "pooled" in order that some of your colleagues may get twice as much as Parliament has said they are worth? Share and share alike by all means, but why not half shares instead of double shares? That economy could be made "without detriment to the permanent interests of the country," *couldn't it?*

John Bull.

To the Secretary of State for War.

Dear Lord Kitchener,—Although your dear friends in the Government have robbed you of many of the powers you held when at the call of the country you became War Secretary, they cannot rob you of the confidence of the nation. Your recent review of the operations in the various theatres of war is characteristic of you. It is a plain, soldierly statement with none of the politician's gloss; just such a statement as enables the country to appreciate your honesty and sincerity. Your concluding words of confidence are the words of sane and reasoned optimism, and, my Lord, I thank you for them.

John Bull.

To the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Bangor.

My Lord,—Permit me to offer my congratulations on the sensible and truly Christian attitude you adopted in the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury in regard to reprisals for Zeppelin raids. It is refreshing to find that there is at least one member of the Bench of Bishops who has come to understand that we are really at war, and that principles of self-preservation have some right to consideration against those of so-called morality. While the Archbishop of Canterbury offered the usual pulpit pap, you came out boldly for hitting hard and hitting often. I particularly liked that declaration of yours, "If any boy of mine were asked to go on a punitive expedition over German towns and consulted me about it, I would certainly advise him to go and do his duty." That is muscular Christianity; we want no kid-glove piety at this hour.

John Bull.

To Mr. J. Gladwell-Newell, Bermondsey.

Superior Sir,—When the Bermondsey Board of Guardians, of which you are a member, decided the other day in the interests of war economy to authorise only third-class fares when the Board and its officials attend committees outside the parish, you reared yourself up on your hind legs and brayed some flatulent foolishness. You are reported to have said that it was a disgrace for any guardian to get into a third-class compartment, and that if a man could not afford to pay more than third-class fares he was not fit to be a guardian. In conclusion, you advised your brother guardians to keep up their dignity and continue to "act as gentlemen." If your own dignity and claim to the status of gentleman are of so fragile a character that they require the cushions of a first-class compartment to bolster them up, I venture to write you down a snob, and an offensive one at that. From our own experience it is as easy to pick up a flea in a first-class as in a third-class carriage when travelling in the Bermondsey district. Let me remind you that the chief duties of a guardian are to guard the combined interests of the ratepayers and the poor, and not to make the maintenance of their own so-called "dignity" (at the expense of the aforesaid ratepayers) their first consideration. Anyhow, you have taught me a new definition of a gentleman, viz., a man who rides in a first-class carriage—at the public expense.

John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. the Home Secretary, Whitehall.

Dear Home Sec.,—Permit me to call your attention to two cases. In one, at Warwick, a licensee was summoned by the police under the "No Treating Order" In cross-examination a police witness, named Clifford, admitted that he was in soldier's uniform. "He had visited the house three nights in that uniform. He had had two pints of beer that night" at the expense of men who treated him. "By what authority," he was asked, "were you in his Majesty's uniform?" "I take that responsibility, sir," said Police Superintendent Ravenhall. The other case was at Wallsend, under the same Order. Here the police witness was treated by the Police Superintendent. "You know it is wrong to have a drink stood you?" he was asked. "Yes," was the reply. "So that before you set out to find other people wrong you do wrong yourself?" "Yes," said the policeman. And this is the sort of thing which is increasing all over the country—the police committing offences by means of which they obtain evidence to charge others with committing them. In these circumstances, I shall be glad to know whether you have instructed the Treasury to prosecute the police concerned, and issued orders that their reprehensible practices as *agents provocateurs* must cease.

John Bull.

To R. W. Long, Esq., J.P., West Ham, London.

Dear Sir,—I cannot think that you proved yourself either a reasonable, wise, or sympathetic Magistrate in the remarks you made to that soldier's wife, charged before you with not sending her child to school. The woman, who has five children, receives 30s. 6d. a week, and she pleaded that the child was unable to go to school for want of boots. You reminded her that you "have known the time when a mother has had to bring up eight children on £1 a week, and there must be something wrong when a mother is unable to bring up five children on 30s. 6d. a week." Of course there is, dear sir. The Kaiser is wrong, and your inference is wrong, and the present prices of the necessaries of life are wrong—at least, they are up between twenty-five and forty per cent.; and with five hungry mouths to be fed, and five little bodies to be covered, and ten little feet to be shod, and rent and fire and lighting to be paid for, to say nothing of a bit of bread now and then for mother, 30s 6d. a week does not go very far. Excuse me for mentioning the matter, but don't you think Mrs. Long would be rather short if she had to face the problem that soldier's wife has to face?

John Bull.

To Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., Cockermouth.

Sir,—Whilst commiserating with you on the fact that, owing to some kink in your mentality, you find yourself unable to support the nation in its avowed intention to prosecute the war to a victorious conclusion, I heartily commend your logical and straightforward action in resigning your seat. You would certainly have proved yourself an unworthy son of your father had you remained content to draw £400 a year of public money while opposing the will of the people and the views of the electors who sent you to Parliament. If your excellent example were followed by certain other members of the House, who suffer likewise from defective patriotism or political myopia, the atmosphere of Westminster would be both clearer and cleaner. May the spirit of wisdom visit you in your retirement.

John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. J. H. Tennant, M.P., Under Secretary for War.

My Dear Tennant,—You will remember that not long ago I warned you against the Under-Secretary's complaint of "swelled head," and advised you to "go slow." But I am afraid you are on the way to spoiling your career, for your speech in the air debate was not only misleading in its facts, but unnecessarily provocative and arrogant in tone. If the Amendment to the Address had gone to a division, your brother-in-law's Cabinet might have been defeated—and for that disaster *you* would have been largely to blame. I know the Commons as well as you do, and I know that when it gets angry—as you made it—there is danger to the Front Bench. Take care, there's a good fellow!

John Bull.

Thousands are praising the "John Bull" Pen.

TENNANT AND THE TENANTS.

(Referring to the victims of the Zeppelin raids, Mr. Tennant, the Under-Secretary for War, said that the casualties, "though grievous, were not really very large.")

MR. TENNANT: "Of course, John, I'm sorry for the tenants, but the casualties were not really very large."

JOHN BULL: "Ah, you wouldn't think that if they'd been Tennants!"

A BAD JUDGE.

ALL THE WINNERS—AND LOSERS—FOR TWO-AND-SIX.

"Andrew Marten" is probably an assumed name. The person who uses it has also assumed the position of a "Competition Judge." He hangs out—or assumes to do so—at 16-17, Devonshire Square, E.C., an address that seems familiar. His present occupation, in which we trust he meets with no success, is the collection of half-crowns from competitors whom he does not know, but whom he addresses as "Esteemed Correspondent." He wants to rope in these moneys in connection with a "Fascinating Picture Puzzle," engineered by the "well-known weekly periodical 'Ellessdee.'" The prize, offered by this too "well-known" and frequently fugitive firm, is "One Pound a Day for Life (or Two Thousand Down)!!" The double exclamation marks at the end of that staggerer are well-placed, for the bare notion of "Ellessdee" carrying out such a promise is enough to make anybody "exclaim." But Andrew Marten's game is an artful one. Calling himself a "Competition Judge," he says, "I am in a most unique position of being able to supply you with . . . what I have every reason to believe are the Winning Solutions to all the Pictures."

That is the bait. This is where he essays to land his fish. "All you need to do is to send me my fee of 2s. 6d.," and promise to pay "a quarter of any prize you win immediately the letter containing the award comes to your address." And he asks, "This is only fair, isn't it?" To which we reply, "No, it is not." Because the man, for one thing, is sending out this typed trap in quantities, hoping to get many half-crowns. Every fool who sends the money will be entitled to the precious "solutions" of this "Judge," who is probably in collusion with the "Ellessdee" gang. For he offers also a "complete reprint" of all the puzzle pictures and an "official entry form," which, presumably, can only come from the office itself—wherever that office may be.

"Ellessdee" we have frequently described as puzzle-mongering practitioners to be shunned. "Andrew Marten" is a person of the same kidney. Bar him and his solutions.

A NOXIOUS NURSE.

PRETENTIOUS PLEAS TO POOR PATIENTS.

In a recent issue we had something to say about "Nurse" Kearney, of 305, Lower Broughton Road, Manchester, who displayed her absolute incompetence to diagnose and treat disease by pronouncing a pièce of cod's roe, which had been sent to her by a joker, as "an unhealthy discharge of the ulcer." This was, indeed—to use her own terms for her nostrum—"a wonderful medical discovery," and one possibly even better justified than her panacea to her description of "the sensation of the age." A correspondent sends us some further samples of the "nurse's" polite letter-writing. Addressing a perfect stranger, who had never before heard of her existence, as "Dear Mr. So-and-so," she proceeds to attempt to frighten money out of him with this screed:—

> Oh, if we were to tell you some of the sad tales of the many weary hours spent by sufferers in the hope that death might relieve them, or recall to your mind the feeling of anxiety and despair that precedes an operation, and then and only then, can we earnestly ask you to make yourself conversant with our system of treatment.

We trust, however, that by this time we have made possible patients sufficiently "conversant" with her "system of treatment."

By-the-bye, the "nurse's" suggestion that she is in a position to give harrowing descriptions of the "many weary hours spent by sufferers" is evidently intended to lead the recipient to form the totally inaccurate opinion that she has long hospital experience—the fact being that her connection with the healing profession has been chiefly in the capacity of bottle labeller and packer in a drysalter's.

TYPEWRITER TRICKERY.

THE "WAR WIDOW" WHEEZE AT CLAPHAM.

In the columns of several London newspapers small advertisements have lately appeared, proposing the sale of a typewriter, the offer being so worded as to convey the impression of a single private transaction. A reader replying to one of these announcements was favoured with the following communication, dated from an address in Clapham Road, S.W.

> Dear Sir,—Thank you for inquiry *re* Remington No. 8 Typewriter. The reason for sale is death—having lost my husband in the war. The machine is quite perfect as advertised, having only been used for home correspondence; a glance at the type will be sufficient to prove this. Should it meet with your approval, and you will drop me a P.C. making a definite appointment, I should be obliged.—Yours faithfully, (Mrs.) L. MOODY.

This letter—typewritten throughout, even to the signature, and enclosed in a black-edged envelope—was not conclusive to the authorship of the advertisements, and we therefore thought it worth while to send a representative to Clapham Road with instructions to interview "Mrs. L. Moody," and to take "a glance" at the machine. From the report thus furnished, it is not easy to draw a favourable inference. The typewriter offered for inspection had a second-hand appearance, having apparently been furbished up to catch the eye of an inexperienced purchaser. Closer scrutiny showed that the carriage roller and other parts had been recently renewed, while the label, "No. 8 Remington Typewriter" on the front of the machine appeared to have been specially printed for the occasion. In conversation, "Mrs. Moody" repeated her statements that her husband had lately been killed in the war, and that she had been driven by necessity to sell the typewriter; but, invited to produce the receipt for the original purchase of the machine, she was afraid "it would take too long to look for it." Upon the whole, our representative was satisfied that this particular offer was merely an incident in a general scheme of second-hand sale, and we are confirmed in this view of the matter by the fact that newspaper advertisements of "nearly new" typewriters have emanated from the Clapham Road address at regular intervals over a period of several months.

SLICK SCHLEICHER.

THE MAN OF MANY ALIASES.

It seems that the firm of Otto Schleicher—alias the Ceres Works Company, alias Messrs. T. Stanley and Brothers, alias Messrs. Bee and Co.—are still carrying on business at 56, Warton Road, Stratford, E., and enterprising agents can earn "£5 to £14 a week," by puffing and pushing their "harness oil and stable preparations." At any rate, advertisements to this effect are still regularly appearing in the provincial Press. A reader tells us that in April, 1913, he accepted a Schleicher agency, and then finding that the business was not worth following, quietly dropped it. At that time, of course, Otto Schleicher was boldly trading in his own name—which, in the altered circumstances now obtaining, is rigorously excluded from the advertisements. Instead, applicants are invited to "Write, Glasald," or in the latest examples, to write "Newchrons"; and although these picturesque designations seem to have little in common with harness oil and stable preparations, the address, 56, Warton Road, Stratford, E., which remains unaltered, strongly suggests the identity of the advertisers.

DODGING THE AIR HUNS.

Now that the Zeppelin season is upon us, no one should fail to read the very practical hints, given in the current issue of *Everywoman's*, by Mrs. Charles Beatty, the Chief of the Women's Reserve Ambulance Corps, which is on duty in London every night in case of a raid. In conjunction with ourselves, *Everywoman's* has a great Free Insurance scheme against all war risks.

Have you a beautiful child? If so, see "Everywoman's."

The John Bull Garden!

What is a John Bull garden? It is a garden where every inch is cultivated to produce the utmost in this time of National need. If you can't carry a gun—cultivate your garden; if you can't dig trenches—plant cabbages. If you don't know the way, *ask Ryders* to send you a copy of their new 1916 Catalogue which shows you how to buy the best seeds in Penny Packets, when to plant and how to cultivate your crops. This book is FREE to anyone who will send a postcard for it, so why not send *now?*

RYDERS P.P. PENNY PACKET SEEDS

In Ryders Penny Packets you can obtain Flower and Vegetable seeds in endless variety, and Ryders world-wide reputation for value is behind every packet.

Don't buy a lot of seed you haven't room to plant; buy the best in Penny Packets, and pay for just what you actually need and no more. This is the Ryder way of selling seeds, and hundreds of thousands of gardeners all over the world have proved that it is the *ideal* way of *buying* seeds.

Send Post Card for New 1916 Catalogue (84 superb illustrations), FREE to any address in the world.

NO AGENTS.

RYDER & SON, Ltd.,

Only Address:
Seed Merchants, ST. ALBANS.

Use Ryders Soluble Manure, in tins 1s., large size 2s. 6d.

PRIVATE GEORGE HALLS

Seaforth Highlanders

British Expeditionary Force

"I am a continuous user of Phosferine and find it a great restorative after the nerve-racking atmosphere of the trenches, just as much as in Civil life after a hard day's work. Before enlisting, many a time my business, mostly brain work, would carry me sometimes into the small hours of the morning. At last I was told that I was on the point of a nervous breakdown and was recommended to try Phosferine, which I did, and that soon brought me to normal. But again, in the trenches under shell fire, the old trouble very soon reasserted itself in the form of violent headaches and neuralgia. Again I tried the old remedy, and the same on the battlefield as in the office, Phosferine put me right. I shall have no hesitation in recommending Phosferine to all the sufferers I meet 'somewhere in France.'"

This war-worn soldier has proved, in the actual battle zone, that Phosferine gives immediate relief and freedom from the severe exhaustion and steady loss of nerve-force which occurs when under constant shell fire. Phosferine generates the vital energy to overcome the dulling of the senses, the numbing of the faculties, caused by the tremendous cannonade—in a word, Phosferine means RECOVERY!

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily and at less cost than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, is accurate dosage, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 50 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

"Gad! theyre fine"

The "Sub."

does not demand much, but he does like a decent cigarette. He tries most of the 1s. packets of 20 and then he strikes "Cavander's Army Club" at 9d. for 20, equally as good, equally as mild, and he says "Gad; they're fine. I'm sticking to these." It would be impossible to compress more real pleasure into 20 Cigarettes than is found in "Cavander's Army Club."

CAVANDER'S

"Army Club"

CIGARETTES

20 FOR 9d.

CAVANDER'S,
261, High Street,
Glasgow.
The Firm of Three Centuries.
Established 1777.

We can help you help the Country.

You can help the country by saving money, and we can help you to save by making your old suits *look just as good as new.* Our charge for thoroughly cleaning and tailor-pressing a suit is 3s. 9d., and this includes the removal of all spots and stains, restoring shape, executing minor repairs, and free collection and delivery by Branches and Agents.

Write for Illustrated Booklet—
"Modern Beau Brummells."

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London.
(East 3710—4 lines.)
Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

D7

A Cup of Cocoa in a Minute
With Milk and Sugar ready in it.

MILKMAID COCOA

Nutritious—Sustaining —Economical.

Cash price 4½d. & 8½d. per tin of all Grocers and Stores.

Insist always on "Milkmaid Cocoa" and beware of ALL worthless imitations.

Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co.,
6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

Contractors to the Navy and Army.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

WOMEN IN THE FIELD.

1ST WOMAN: Yes, my dear, I'm goin' to volunteer fur farm work soon's I know w'ere to go to do it.

2ND WOMAN: Get out! You on farm work?

1ST WOMAN: Nuthink to laugh at. I've tried fur munitions, but they say I'm too old. One young chap wot oughter be in the trenches 'ad the impefence to tell me they didn't want no ole wimmin there. "I see," I ses, "they on'y want smart young gells, I s'pose, an' young fellers like you wot ain't ashamed to 'ide be'ind war buttons." I made the young pup colour up, enny'ow. "I'm old enough to be yore mother," I ses, "an' I wish I wos—jest fur five minnits." "Oh, you do, do you?" 'e ses, tryin' ter find 'is merstarsh. "Yes," I ses, "I'd put you across me knee an' spank yer brain-box," I ses.

2ND WOMAN: But you ain't serious about this 'ere farm work, are yer, my dear?

1ST WOMAN: Corse I am! I'm fair sick o' London, fur one thing. It ain't orl 'oney fur a widder nowadays wot ain't got kids to make it 'omelike. If you're seen comin' outer the jug an' bottle depawtment, you're watched an' counted an' follered as if they suspected you'd jest done somebody in.

2ND WOMAN: That's a fack, my dear.

1ST WOMAN: An' look at the *hours* they shut! It ain't that I'm a n'ard drinker, my dear. *You* know that very well. But I enjoy my drop of unsweetened and a tork, 'avin' nobody at 'ome to tork to, and it seems 'ard to be looked at as if you wosn't respectable jest becos you 'as a innercent glarss.

2ND WOMAN: You never sed nuthink truer.

1ST WOMAN: Not on'y that, I see in the paper they ain't goin' to make no more London gin! I tell yer, my dear, ennybody placed like me livin' in London jest now might jest as well be orf the map.

2ND WOMAN: It ain't wot it wos, I grawncher. But the country! I tell yer, you'll never stick it, my dear.

1ST WOMAN: Don't be silly. It's jest wot I sh'd like. I orlways did injoy the country. I often think o' the Benk 'Olidays I 'ad at Chingford with my ole man w'en 'e wos alive. 'Appy days they wos.

2ND WOMAN: I dessay. But you won't find workin' on a farm much of a Benk 'Oliday, my dear. An' you'll miss the picsher pallises. W'en you've done a day's turnip 'oein' in a field with nuthink but a scarecrow to look at, you'll begin to feel the miss of Charlie Chaplin

1ST WOMAN: I'm a bit fed up with Charlie, my dear.

2ND WOMAN: Well, you won't 'ave 'im at all w'en you're workin' on a farm. All the movin' picshers you'll see will be the cows crawlin' 'ome to be milked in the evenin', an' crawlin' out to feed in the mornin'!

1ST WOMAN: Cows, did you say? I never could abear them things. I 'ope there's farms w'ere they don't keep 'em.

2ND WOMAN: Don't chew believe it. They 'as cows an' bullocks an' great roarin' bulls wot tosses everybody they meet on *erery* farm. It ain't a farm without. I tell yer, it ain't safe to wear a red flannel petticoat w'en you're on farm work. It's nearly orl stoopin', is farm work, an' you can't 'elp showin' a bit o' red w'en you stoops. The nex' thing you knows, there's a great bull roarin' be'ind yer, an' you're up in the air, afraid to come down.

1ST WOMAN: I never thort o' that. Is that a fack, my dear? W'y, 'ere's Burdett-road! 'Ow the time do go w'en your torkin'! Two bob a day don't seem much fur sich a risky ockyerpashun, do it, my dear?

Owing to the development of a slight and undetectable defect in one of the plates from which our issue dated January 29th was printed, the figures in the pence column of an advertisement inserted by Messrs. John Piggott, Ltd., were, in a certain number of copies, imperfectly reproduced. We regret the trouble to which Messrs. Piggott and their customers were consequently put, and think it only right to make it clear that no blame attaches to this old-established and reputable firm.

A "GYPSY" CO.

"POMEGRANATE," AND A BAD EGG.

In May of last year a quarterly publication called "The Gipsy" was announced to be issued by the Pomegranate Press, at 8, St. James' Market, London, S.W. The proposed journal was depicted as an extremely refined literary and artistic production, of what our American friends call the "high-brow" variety, and it is probable that upon the strength of the first number a good many annual subscriptions were obtained. A North-country reader sent along his half-guinea for the regular supply of "The Gipsy," and 5s. for an advertised reproduction of one of the illustrations—but since the first issue he has heard nothing from the publishers, three letters of inquiry to the Pomegranate Press having failed of a reply. From the fact that publication apparently ceased with the first number, it may be inferred that "The Gipsy" offered no promise of commercial success; but in these circumstances, steps should clearly have been taken to refund the outlay of annual subscribers. Calling at 8, St. James' Market, our representative found the place deserted, but upon inquiry in the neighbourhood, was informed that the Pomegranate Press were "at home sometimes," from which it may perhaps be inferred that they have not yet finally wound up their affairs; and, in this event, we suggest that consideration of the annual subscribers' claims is a good deal overdue.

"PRINTERS' PIE."

(*Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie."*)

"THE ENGLISHMAN" (Calcutta):—

"During the first five months of the war, writes Mr. Balderston, the Germans planned to expel the British from South Africa, aided by DISINFECTED Boers."

"DAINTY NOVELS":—

"It was an ideal day for sailing, for the SUN was BLUE."

"EVENING CHRONICLE" (Manchester):—

"The entire German Press seem to be livid with rage because the crew of the *King Stephen*, the little trawler which came upon the disabled ZEPPELIN . would not throw away their unarmed lives in taking off the U BOAT'S crew."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH (advertisement):—

"Working-man wants comfortable lodgings, Attercliffe-Darnall; SEPARATE BED: WIDOW PREFERRED."

IN THE AIR.

There are Zeppelins that bomb us
In the air,
They depart uninjured from us
Through the air;
When they've struck a street and wrecked it,
Statesmen gasp, as they inspect it,
"Now, did anyone expect it—
From the air?"

Though for months there was the warning
In the air,
A reminder, ev'ry morning,
Of the air,
Yet, to-day, a Tennant rises,
In the House, and he surmises
That these raids are such surprises,
In the air!

Are we armed, at last, to meet them
In the air?
When they next come, can we beat them
In the air?
Ah! the Ministers sit mutely,
And they feel the thrust acutely,
For their plans are absolutely—
In the air! R. M.

For home defence, see page ii of cover.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious injuries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind: but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

One of our men in France learned that his wife was dying and, after some delay, obtained leave. When he arrived home he found that she had been dead for five days, and we were glad that his application to us saved her from pauper burial.

A widow, whose family has done its full share for the country, was recently badly buffeted by adversity. In hot haste after the official notice that her son had been killed in France came a letter saying that her daughter, who was in service, had died. The poor creature's only remaining support was suffering from tuberculosis and could not work, and she herself became seriously ill under the weight of her troubles. Our little fund relieved her monetarily, and she is now more able to bear her burden.

We regret to note the increasing number of cases in which soldier-husbands have forgotten that they are soldiers. Desertion and absence without leave are, unfortunately, increasing; and in some instances the men commit these offences with eyes wide open, knowing that they will plunge their families into destitution. Up to the present, we have done our best for the sufferers; but the strain is too heavy for our fund, and in future it will be possible in very exceptional instances only to provide help, the claims of those who are the victims of unavoidable hardship being so numerous. We have the deepest sympathy for the wives and children of the men who deliberately make themselves criminals, in the military sense of the term, just as we have for the dependents of those who in civil life commit burglaries or otherwise voluntarily get themselves into trouble. But we would urge every man who puts on khaki to remember that he is a British soldier, and act as such.

A poor Irishwoman, recently widowed, suffers from paralysis. Her only son, a cavalryman—who has been in the thick of the fighting since the war began—made an allotment in her favour, but she has received nothing from the Government. The War Office referred her to Canterbury, Canterbury passed her on to the depot in Ireland, and the depot referred her back to Canterbury. While the Government Departments were playing shuttlecock and battledore with the poor creature she was starving, and her present plight would have been dire indeed had not one of her friends referred her to us.

A father, who had served in military expeditions that most of us read of in childhood, has four sons at the front. His fifth lad remained at home, and was his main support until he died recently. Of course, if the boys in France were in civil life, the poor old man would be comfortably looked after; but now the only money he receives is a penny less than nine shillings a week! The expenses consequent upon the death of his Benjamin left him in sore straits, and we need scarcely say that when we heard of his position we came to his relief.

A woman with four children, all depending upon the Government allowance, not receiving any money for a month, was reduced practically to starvation. The baby died, and the unfortunate mother had no money with which to bury it. She was without friends until the matter was placed before us.

A widow, with five sons in the Army, recently received an intimation that two of them had been killed in action. At home with her was a daughter who quite recently was overtaken by a serious illness. The home was a happy and comfortable one until the boys enlisted, but now a shadow hangs over it which is unlikely to be removed until the war terminates. We did what we could to lighten it.

A few days ago sorrow entered the home of a Bluejacket, now at sea, his child dying. The poor mother was not in a position to bury the little one, nor has the father yet heard that it is dead. When he receives the next letter from his wife he will learn the sad intelligence, and will also hear that we looked after matters for him.

We have frequently commented upon the hardships befalling soldiers' families and dependents through slackness at some of the Pay Offices. All along we have taken an active interest in this matter, and we are glad to say that things have been enormously improved. This is due, we believe, to the vigilance and hard work of the Inspector-General of Pay Offices. It was natural that the enormous machinery set up to deal with the financial side of military matters should not run smoothly at first; but, happily, the cogs and cranks are better-fitting now, and there is consequently less hardship.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Collected from European Drivers, Kuala Lumpur Shed, F.M.S.Rlys." (2nd subscription), £2 9s. 4d.; "Collection on No. 2 and No. 4 Ambulance Trains," £1; "A. G. Amble," 2s. 6d.; "S. Ealing Reader," 6d.; G. F. B., 1s.; "Durham Soldier's Wife," 1s.; R. A. G., 6s.; H. A. L., 2s. 6d.; W. G., 1s.; "Share of Overtime," 4s.; "Wife and I," 5s.; J. N., 2s. 6d.; H. T., 2s. 11d.; J. B., 6d.; H. K., 1s.; "Scotch Lassie," 2s.; A. S., 1s.; F. L. G., 5s.; "Submarine," 1s.; W. S. C., 5s.; "Two Little Girlies," 5s.; C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s.; A. R. E., 5s.; F. H. J., 5s.; W. H., 2s.; J. B., 5s.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; W. H., 2s. 6d.; J. E. W., 2s. 6d.; F. A. N. (Mauritius), £1 17s.; "Scotland for Ever," 12 dollars; J. W., 5 dollars; R. B., 5 dollars; D. McN., 5 dollars; O. D., 3 dollars; "Norwegian Mate," 5 dollars; J. K., 5 dollars; J. N., 5 dollars; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "A Wicked Gambler" (York), £1; "Tamboosa" (Durham), 10s.; A. E., 1s.; J. P. (New York), 5s.; J. B. R. (Rhodesia), £1; "Policeman and His Mate," 6s.; W. B. S. (Bristol), £1 1s.; G. F., 5s.; Mrs. B., 1s.; S. N., 2s.; Anon., 3s.; Sgt J. M., 2s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 1s.; Anon. (Handsworth), 1s.; "A Constant Sender of Bullets," 5s.; V. B., 5s.; C. C., 1s.; "Another Optimist," 2s.; "Judy," 1s.; T. W., 2s. 6d.; W. M., 5s.; "Vauxhall Social and Athletic Club," £10; "Wakarimasen," 2s. 9d.; B. F., 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises

London.—Mr. L. J. Brown, "Sadlers," Swallow Street, 2s. 11d.; Mr. A. Heys, "Derbigh Arms" Denbigh Place, 2s. 5d.; Mr. W. E. Webb, "Carpenters Arms," Catherine Street, 4s. 6½d.; Messrs. Bridge and Co., 4s. Brompton Road, 3s.; Mr. W. E. G. Bell, "Castle," 37, City Road, 3s. 5½d.; Mr. T. S. Tolputt, "Crown," Crown Court, Fleet Street, 3s. 1d.; Mr. F. Tully, "Crown and Two Chairmen," Dean Street, Soho, 2s. 8½d.; Mr. S. Yardley, "Bedford Head Hotel," Maiden Lane, 3s. 4d.; Mr. F. Huggins, "Brunswick Arms," Stamford Street, 2s. 6d.; Mr. W. Carlton, "Antelope," 48, Weston Street, Bermondsey, 4s. 4d.; Mr. H. Ash, 156, Weston Street, Bermondsey, 2s. 8d.; Mr. D. Levett, "The Cobden," Berger Road, Homerton, £1 1s. 9½d.

Croydon.—Mr. Heath, 19, Church Street, 5s.

Birmingham.—Mr. J. Lowe, "Baltic Inn," Hope Street, 2s. 6d.; Messrs. Wilson and Ward, 56, Newhall Street, 2s. 10d.

Hull.—Mr. H. Francis, 32, Jameson Street, £1 1s. 7d.

Sutton.—Mr. B. Beardry, "The Victory," £1 2s. 6½d.

Doncaster.—Mr. C. R. Richards, Wheatley Working Men's Club and Institute, Moreley Road, 8s. 0d.

Ipswich.—Mr. J. Howard, Boughtons, Photographers, Westgate, 3s. 3d.

Intimate Revelations of Life at the German Court

Extravagance of the Kaiser

■ ■ ■

Accounts of his Borrowings

■ ■ ■

Selling Court Appointments

The story of my experiences at the Prussian Court is appearing exclusively in the "London."

Edith Keen

Kaiser's Profits from State Banquets

■ ■ ■

Gluttony Contest between Hindenburg and the Kaiser

■ ■ ■

Germany's Coming World Empire

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The March

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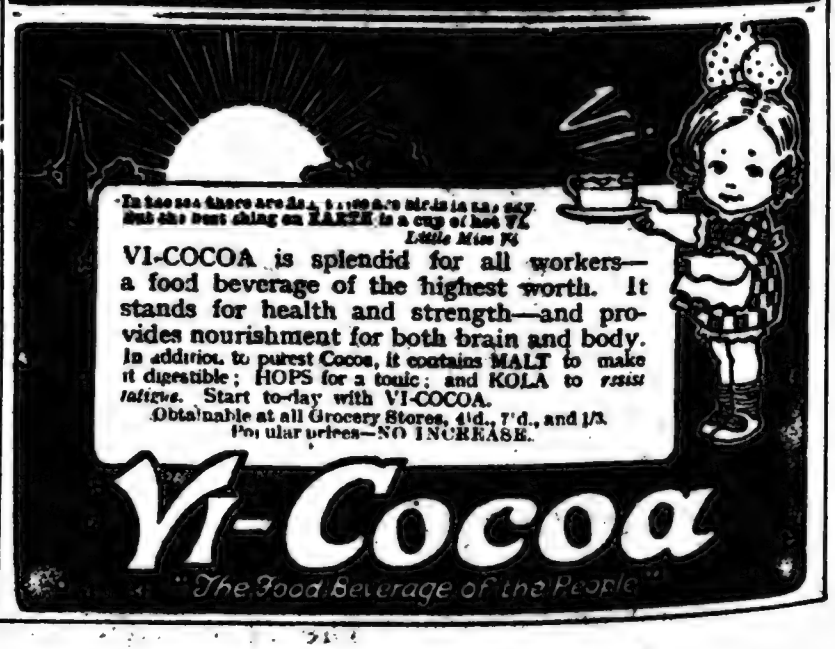
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TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

THE SALUTING NUISANCE.

It is but natural that subalterns of a few weeks' standing should insist upon getting their full pound of flesh in the way of salutes from the Tommies; but we wish some of them would display more consideration for the unfortunate wounded men whom they meet on crutches or otherwise hampered. At Southsea the other day, a one-star officer of the Derbys publicly remonstrated with such an invalid, though his right arm was amputated and the left more or less disabled. In such cases our embryo Kitcheners should be satisfied with an "eyes right" or "eyes left." And, by the way, there are a few uniformed cubs who require to be taught that, in returning a salute, it is not sufficient to waggle a cane or raise the right forefinger as high as the waist. Many men in the ranks are quite the social equals of their military superiors, and such discourtesy hurts.

FOR TOMMY'S TEETH.

Almost as valuable as his rifle and bayonet are the teeth of the soldier, and the hard Army biscuit plays havoc with them. Really practical and highly qualified dentists, however, have found it impossible to get W. O. employment as such, the work being apparently considered the preserve of medical men. Dentists are now being compelled to enlist as ordinary soldiers, and no doubt when they are netted they will be offered a few pence a day extra and freedom from drills and soldierly duties in return for the use of their services in the lower and mechanical branches of the profession.

GUARDSMEN'S GRUMBLES.

The men training with the Brigade of Guards at the Caterham Depot are grumbling, and not without cause. Their huts are surrounded by a muddy morass, and yet the men are "crimed" if their boots are not clean. The same fate befalls anyone who has a tunic button or hook unfastened, or who is so criminal as to have his tooth brush out of place on kit inspection. The punishment for these offences takes the form of from one to three pack drills, whilst confinement to barracks awaits whoever is detected smiling in the ranks. There is a weekly parade, during which the men of one battalion at least have to march around practising saluting. No doubt this exercise will make the Guards a terror to the Huns when they meet them.

THE HUNS ARE NOT HUNGRY.

"Refuse and Dripping for Sale.—Firms or persons willing to purchase, write for quantities, etc., to Officer Commanding Guards, Eastcote Camp, Towcester." This is a camp for interned Germans, who probably have turned up their noses at excellent dripping and have successfully demanded the best dairy butter. Why not send "refuse" and the dripping that comes from the succulent roasts, prepared for the Huns, to our men imprisoned in Germany? They would shout with delight if they received it.

NAUGHTY TOMMY!

Recent Battalion Orders of the 26th R.B. Manchester Regiment contain the following:—"Discipline—Attention has been called to the unsoldierly practice of N.C.O.s and men walking along the streets arm-in-arm with female friends. It is directed that this undignified practice must cease." How awful! We commend the paragraph to the junior officers whom we notice nightly walking with members of the fair sex in the West-end of London.

ONLY A PAUPER.

The State, we know, has promised to do its best for the war-broken men when the campaign is over—but in the meantime those of our soldiers who have suffered must sink or swim by their own unaided efforts. Three discharged men, with excellent conduct marked on their parchments, were admitted to the Cambridge Workhouse the other day, one of them suffering from wounds, the other two broken down in health. But even worse intelligence comes from Birkenhead—soldiers who succumbed to their trials in a state of destitution being buried in common paupers' graves because the Town Hall authorities will not provide the extra few shillings which would give our dead heroes decent interment. And German prisoners of war who die in the camps receive all the military honours at their funerals!

GOVERNMENT ECONOMY.

When a man enlists under the new system he receives 2s. 9d., being supposed to have soldiered for a day, and is passed into the Reserve. We have never heard of any ordinary employer who demanded from his employee a share of this dole. It remains for the Government to create the precedent by requiring the refund of a shilling from each Civil Servant who has enlisted. We congratulate the Departments concerned on their economy, though strongly condemning their meanness.

CONCERNING THE WOMEN.

On board our hospital ships all officers, including chief stewards, are granted a war bonus of £1 a month—but the stewardesses, who perform arduous duties, are left out in the cold. Their pay is from £3 to £4 a month, out of which they have to purchase uniforms and pay washing, travelling and other expenses. Many of these women are widows with families to support, and we therefore hope that something will be done to improve their position.

CONDUCTED TOURS.

The lads at the Front make a suggestion which might well meet the approval of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They speak of the large numbers of civilian tourists who are personally conducted by official military guides in the war zone, the *bouche* of their experience being half-an-hour or so spent in the more or less advanced trenches. The persons so favoured have, up to the present, been mostly journalists, authors, actors, and "hot air merchants" from the House of Commons. The muddied soldiers like an occasional glimpse at the trim tourists, and suggest the establishment of a regular service for all civilians, who would be willing to pay enormous sums for the trip.

TOMMY'S BANKERS.

We are asked from an influential quarter to point out that—while Cox's Bank at Charing Cross, and Lloyd's at Millbank, are kept open practically night and day, for the convenience of their military customers—the Army Pay Office at Regent Street closes at 7 p.m. As this is the branch in London supposed to look after the money matters of men arriving from the front, we suggest that steps should be taken to keep a small night staff there, and so relieve many men of the necessity of remaining in town in order to obtain their cash.

MISSING.

News is wanted of the following men:—

Sergt. W. T. Gill, 10029, B Co., 5th Dorsets; Pte. H. Fooks, 10348, B Co., 5th Dorsets; Pte. P. E. Horne, 9980, B Co., 10th Hants; Cpl. R. Burnell, 7-15310, D Co., 7th Gloucesters; Pte. A. Hurdus, 19532, 1st Co., 4th Batt., Grenadier Gds.; Pte. F. Wilson, 6-9971, C Co., 6th Lincolnshires; Pte. B. Longman, 2566, C Co., 1-23 London Rgt.; Pte. D. Finlay, 16995, Machine Gun Section, 8th K.O.S.B.; Pte. G. H. Graves, 6713, 1st Middlesex; Pte. G. A. Cowley, 7697, 1st East Yorks; Pte. F. J. Worsfold, 1556, Prince of Wales' Co., No. 9 Section, 1st Welsh Gds.; Pte. S. Anderson, 111, 2nd Gordon Hdrs.; L.-Cpl. Lamey, B Co., 7th Gloucesters; L.-Cpl. A. Hewitt, 15652, D Co., 9th Norfolks; Pte. P. Bromfield, 10466, C Co., 2nd South Staffs; L.-Cpl. W. Thomson, 3036, A Co., 4th Batt., 1st Infantry Bgde., A.I.F.; Pte. L. Wills, 10129, 8th Devons; Pte. A. Coveney, 7804, 1st Gloucesters; Pte. A. Brand, 16810, Y Co., 1st Essex; Cpl. J. A. Marriott, 3699, C Co., 8th R.W.K.; Pte. H. Small, 1133, 6th Leinsters; L.-Cpl. E. W. Joyce, 18309, 1st Wilts; Pte. W. H. Shaw, 17580, C Co., 12th N.F.; Pte. M. A. Warren, 20117, 4th Co., 4th Grenadier Gds.; L.-Cpl. H. Finllater, 32, Signalling Section, 18th Batt., 5th Infantry Brigade, A.I.E.F.; Pte. J. F. Mason, 17620, D Co., 13th N.F.; Pte. F. Norman, 2109, 8th Queen's; Pte. W. J. Frederick, 1344, Machine Gun Section, 9th Royal Sussex Rgt.; Pte. C. F. Stannard, 3-3161, D Co., 11th Essex; Pte. D. A. Gunton, 16955, A Co., 7th Norfolks; Pte. J. Vamplew, 10909, C Co., 8th Lincolnshires; Pte. W. J. Waite, 6131, C Co., 8th R.W.S. Regt.; Pte. W. [illegible]. New, 8872, East Surreys.

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

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AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED.

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LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according as whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

J. D. (St. Albans).—Frankly, we have not a lot of faith in the Government ourselves. Certainly we are not disposed to give them blind confidence and a blank cheque.

"FAIR PLAY" (Broadstairs).—Suppose the whole Army suddenly became Quakers and developed a "conscientious objection" to war, would you still urge that the scruples of the Society of Friends should be respected?

"JUSTICE" (Falmouth).—You appear to anticipate a lot of horrible things to arise from Conscription. We believe your fears are like well-made coffee groundless.

G. J. (St. Mary's Cray).—Landlords who refuse to let their houses to would-be tenants with several children deserve to be torn to pieces by wild babies.

D. W. —"We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money too, But where's the Man who's strong enough to pull the nation through?" We know who is our Samson, but the Government Delilah has cut his hair.

"ARDENT" (Manor Park).—"When shall we take our gloves off and treat the Germ'uns as they deserve to be treated?" We could never treat them as they deserve to be treated.

"OPTIMIST" (Brixton) says "The Kaiser well knew we had a lot of Assouaned old women in our national gashouse, or he would not have started the war." Possibly.

A. L. B. (Hammersmith).—"Let the commanders of the Navy and Army conduct this war, and hold them responsible for failure, as lawyers never are." We shall certainly let them, if other people will.

"INNOCENCE" (London, S.W.).—It would not surprise us to find that the Hanoverians have friendly feelings towards us British. King George is a descendant of the Hanoverian Kings, you must remember.

A. S. R. W. (Tottenham).—"Can you tell your readers what is wrong with the anti-aircraft service?" Judging by results, it is all wrong.

E. S. D. (Forest Hill).—As you say, "It will be a good day for Britain when the cinemas show only British films." Good day.

"END THE WAR" (Dublin), who is "proud of being a Derby recruit," and "doing his share at sea," thinks the Single Man Compulsion Bill should have been applied to Ireland. So do we, if anywhere.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Dundee).—We note the remark of the lady writer who addresses herself to Mrs. War Bride, "By heavens, you do see life on 12s. a week!"

"NEMO" (Newcastle.)—We must leave Canon Gough, your Vicar, to his own view of prayer.

"NELSONITE" (Nelson).—Not at all surprised at the declaration of Mrs. Philip Snowden that "were she in a position to decide, she would be willing for her nation to be the first to lay down its arms." Her husband, the M.P., has also views of that kind.

G. T. T. (Glasgow) believes that "80 per cent. of the so-called slackers are bank and insurance clerks, coupled with shop-assistants." And yet those occupations demand a certain amount of intelligence!

H. M. (Wallington).—We can easily believe that certain shops at Woolwich Arsenal, otherwise doddling along, put on high pressure when Lloyd George comes on the scene. The same thing happens when the King goes round. What a game!

C. A. M. (Manchester) thinks the Bishop of London and all his apostles who begrudge the soldier's wife a glass of beer, should be "made to live on a poor soldier's wife's allowance."

T. L. S. (Kobe, Japan).—We should like to hear the great comedian Ultimatum Willie in the songs "My Hopes Argonne," "Oh, Lor-Raine Again!" "Alsace, Where art Thou?" "My Aisne Kind Dearie O," and "As pants my Bleeding Heart."

W. S. (Buluwayo).—We have not lost sight of a competition for overseas readers, but the war rather obscures the view at the moment.

L. S. A. (Stoke Newington, N.) admits that he is a fanatical teetotaler, and argues that "because some men abuse 'drink' the rest should revolt violently against the idea of touching it themselves." Does L.S.A. also argue that because some men commit bigamy the rest of them should "revolt violently" against the idea of marriage?

"WELSHMAN" (Walsall).—"Old crocks," you say! Wait and See!

"WILL WORKMAN" (Newbold-on-Avon).—The disparity between munitions workers' earnings and Tommy's shilling-a-day is admittedly glaring. The way to level things up is not to reduce the worker's wages nor to increase the soldier's pay, but to see that when the latter comes home he shall be adequately rewarded for his self-sacrifice.

L.-CPL. A. L. (B.E.F., France) is concerned because the Berlin women police are to be "on duty in two shifts at night, one shift from six to midnight and the other from midnight till six o'clock in the morning." And the weather so cold, too!

H. B. (Broadstairs).—We have never yet gone into the question of the comparative immorality of the great towns of the United Kingdom. You should inquire of the Rev. F. B. Meyer. He revels in subjects of that sort.

W. H. A. (Neston).—The peace establishment of the Army before the war was (on paper) 250,000 men. The Censor might give us a good hard push if we printed the further particulars you require.

"DISGUSTED" (Beckenham).—Oh, ye of little faith and lukewarm heart, if a couple of articles with which you disagree cause you to contemplate "chucking JOHN BULL altogether." We do not publish solely for the purpose of flattering preconceived opinions.

"BROMLEY."—Sir John Simon's father was a Congregational minister. Does that help to enlighten you as to "the faith of his predecessors"?

A. C. B. (Folkestone).—All we have to say is, that if America is to be accepted as "the conscience of the world," the poor old world is troubled with a very bad conscience. America's conscience might have been in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote: "'Tis conscience doth make cowards of us all."

"RETSLU" (Belfast).—"What *is* the Irish Question?" Exactly, that *is* the question.

"TWENTY-SIX" (Liverpool).—Thanks all the same, but please don't trouble to send us any of the interesting letters you receive from your nine brothers, two sisters, and sweetheart at the Front. We barely have time to glance through all the letters we receive as it is. Good luck to them, all the same.

G. E. (Belfast).—Alas, your transactions with the Board of Inventions and Research have many parallels. One cannot blame them for having a short way with crank inventors, whereof there are a great multitude, but one would expect them to examine with the most careful attention proposals put forward by accredited and certificated engineers.

"ONE WHO IS THINKING" (Bootle).—Winston Churchill's military promotion may appear to you surprisingly rapid, but you must not forget how he distinguished himself at the famous siege of Sidney Street.

"BOWITE" (Ottawa).—Henri Bourassa requires the attention of the Canadian Government if his speeches and writings are more mischievous than those of Ramsay MacDonald. —It is the British, not a Papal, Crown which you see on Canadian postage stamps.

G. A. B. (Whitley Bay).—How can our Army execute a turning movement in Flanders when both our own and the enemy's line reaches the coast?

G. J. S. (Bermondsey).—We duly observe that the Vicar of St. James', Bermondsey, in his printed effusion, dated Dec. 27th, states: "We don't want the pessimism of the *Daily Mail*, and we don't want the shallow baseless optimism of Mr. Bottomley." Quite so. All we want is the profound and crushing wisdom of the Vicar of St. James'.

Remember, our Football Coupon is now on page iii of cover.

W. H. B. (Wexford).—Your verses: "'Get out or get under,' you drivel politicians, Who vote yourselves 'screws,' 'soft jobs,' and 'positions,'" are quite good, and reminiscent of the lampoons of earlier and politically robuster days.

"TRAFFIC" says that overtime is forbidden for clerks in the Traffic Department of the L. and S.W. Railway Co., and the men are refused permission to enlist, on the plea by the Company that they cannot be spared. He stigmatises the excuse as baseless, and says the refusal should be withdrawn. Overtime would ease matters and release a number of men. Hope he will get his way; also the overtime money he earned last Christmas!

"MOTHER OF MISSING SOLDIER" (St. Anne's-on-Sea).—We gather from your letter that had the woman Mollwo, late of Lytham, been living at St. Anne's, and addressed her foul letter to your local paper instead of to the *Lytham Times*, she would have "got it in the neck." In other words, you would have "put it across her."

"MISS EIGHTEEN" (Wolverton).—You have all the courage of your years and your sex to admonish us with respect to a reply we made to a correspondent. We can always cheerfully accept chastisement from such as you. By the way, dear maid, don't forget this is Leap Year.

W. S. D. (Custom House, E.).—We daresay it is as easy to obtain alcoholic drinks in Russia as it is in the so-called "dry" States of America.

A. W. (At Sea).—We will not on any account engage in a dispute with a gallant sailor serving his King and country at sea.

"OLD SAILOR" (Grange).—Like yourself, we cannot quite stomach the Bishop of Lincoln's story of the V.C. and his 120 pints of beer. Retailing such nonsensical yarns calls down even more ridicule upon the T.T.s than they already labour under.

W. C. C. (Peterborough).—You had better pay your account to the suspected German firm. British Judges have evinced small sympathy for persons who, from patriotic motives and with the desire to conform with the Trading of the Enemy Act, have hesitated to hand over money to the Huns.

"STAROSTA" (London, S.W.).—We are not very favourably impressed by the prize scheme of the Blind Aid Publishing Co., 233, Brixton Road, London, S.W. If it stated who is at the head of the concern it might inspire a little more confidence. We said "might."

H. C. (South Hackney).—Having seen the Sussex village of Patcham, you would wish to live and die there. Our wishes are more moderate. We would be content to *live* there. It *is* a welcome oasis when walking, cycling or motoring down to Brighton, isn't it?

S. A. (Winson Green).—So you have "won" a gold watch of the British Supply Co., Ilkeston, and they want you to send them 7s. 6d. for a gold chain before they will hand over your prize. Keep your 7s. 6d. The British Supply Co. would diddle thee.

"NORSALRAD" (Staffs).—Take no notice of the Royal Card Co.'s (Kew) impertinent communications.

D. J. E. (Ammanford).—Wrong again! In normal times there are more than twice as many persons employed in agriculture as in mines and quarries.

A. H. (Harrow Road, W.).—You were slightly exaggerating when you sent us your p.c. to the effect that "The Kaiser is now in the Presence of his Maker." Would that your glad tidings had been true!

A. G. D. (Stockport).—The father of the new Viceroy of India was Lord Chancellor in the '50's, and his brothers have served the country well in their different capacities. Consequently, it seems to us a trifle gratuitous to harp on the remote German origin of the Thesiger family, of which Lord Chelmsford is the head.

"BRITISH MUSIC" (Alfreton).—You were very unwise to entrust your song and £3 12s. 6d. (especially the £3 12s. 6d.) to the music publishers you mention. If they carry out their part of the contract, we shall be surprised.

A. N. H. (Faaberg, Norway).—"What becomes of the 'flame' of a candle when it is blown out?" Exactly. Why does a mouse when it spins?—"How many stars are visible to the 'naked eye' on a clear day?" As many as you can see when you try to pull our leg.

"CANNY SCOT" (Glasgow).—It should not be necessary to warn a canny Scot that Asoka, the "lucky stone" merchant, is like the rest of his kidney—a ramp who preys on the superstition of the foolish.

M. F. (Douglas).—Marriage problems are rather out of our line, but the situation you suggest is one with which many thousands of women will be faced before the war is over. This momentous question forms part of the theme of the new serial story in *Everywoman's*.

J. J. W. (Charlton).—If in some cases women and girls have proved themselves better munition workers than the men, why shouldn't the fact be published? You are evidently of the mind of Sergeant Bagnet, who would not praise his wife because "discipline must be maintained." It is up to the men who have been outclassed to pull themselves together and go one better.

"ESMERALDA" (Holborn, E.C.).—We cannot recommend the quack "bust-producer" run by the Institut Venus-Carnis.

PTE. R. B. G. (Bramshott Camps) asks to be furnished with the poem entitled "The Face on the Bar-room Floor." Will any reader oblige?

"ARCO."—You are right. No German should be permitted to cross the Forth Bridge except as a prisoner under escort.

"SALOPIAN" (Oswestry).—Do not be inveigled into paying Hugh McKean a sou. He is a notorious flat-trap.

"OLD SOLDIER" (West Croydon).—With reference to the reply to you in our last issue, we now learn that—as the use of quotation marks before and after the words "Israel Harding, V.C.," suggested—the ex-convict who passed under that style is in no way entitled to it. The real holder of the distinction, a retired Chief Gunnery Pensioner in H.M. Navy, is in quite good circumstances for his station in life, and is naturally annoyed at the disrepute which has been cast upon a name which should be honoured. We gladly take this opportunity of making the position clear.

J. A. L. (B.E.F., France).—You are wrong in suggesting that we do not realise the importance of one day's rest from labour in seven. But we are not a pastoral people, as were the Israelites in Moses' day, and a weekly cessation of all labour is impossible to us. It is necessary for some to work that others may rest or recreate themselves. Your strict sabbatarians would impose on us a weekly day of gloom and idleness, and that we shall always oppose most strenuously.

"A READER" (East Ham).—Pronounce Derby "Darby" and you will be right.

H. R. G. G. (Southend).—Hardly the time to expect effective public attention to Poor Law Reform, is it?

"BUSINESS SUPPORTER" (Mallow).—Put your suggestion before the P.M.G.

J. S. W. (Rotherham).—You will have to rest satisfied with the official assurance that "if your services are required you will be communicated with." Of course, "if 'ifs' and 'ans'"—you know the rest!

"PATRIOT."—Give us evidence in support of your statements and you will soon find that we shall have the "courage to publish them."

G. E. F. (Glasgow) is a munition worker who wants a badge, to "be distinguished from a slacker." He is distinguished all right.

"WELSHMAN" (H—ydd?)—"Thank heavens I've got him through at last, although a trying task. Now, Jim, old chap,' I said with joy, 'Drink from my brandy flask.'" Lucky Jim!

A. K. D. (Fleet Street).—"Five cols. of interesting matter, giving an intimate account of the Crown Prince's doings behind the scenes." No thanks; we wouldn't take five columns of his doings even in front of the scenes.

D. C. (Hornsey) says if she were a man she would strike for us, "but being a woman at work all day long it is impossible." She must be one of the Hittites.

C. P. (Draycott).—Open Letter unsuitable; but "Hail, Hail to thee, JOHN BULL, The Tommies' greatest friend, Their guiding star of hope, All other stars transcend," is one of the most touching verses ever written.

T. C. G. (S. C—d) says an evening paper has just purchased some Ford cars. Some people will purchase anything.

"HARRY" (Shakespeare) is requested to write Hanwell at once. Everything cleared. Mother very ill.

J. B. (Bishopston)—a constant reader since the war, but who before the war knew us not—wants us to produce our cartoon in red. It would mean two printings, without, so far as we can see, being of advantage. But wait till we get the Kaiser's blood.

ARTHUR L. (Norwich).—The first prize in our "Bullets" Competition has on two occasions been won on a free "Target" coupon.

K. M. Co., LTD. (Tottenham, N.).—Your reply to the appeal of Hansen & Gibb, the Kraft merchants of Nottingham, filled us with exceeding joy.

PTE. P. S. (Canadian Highlanders, France).—Not allowed to say whether H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* carries a heavier gun than the 15 in.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably left over.)

Delays are dangerous.

See page ii of cover.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR TENNANT.

Goo' mornin', Mister Tennant. Shore you've come to the right shop, sir? . . . *Wot do I mean?* W'y, the larst time you wos 'ere I told you a few 'ome truths wot sent you orf in a 'urry and a bad tempor, sir. . . . *W'en wos thet?* Oh, about larst June, sir, if my mem'ry serves me right. I thort I'd mention it in case you might 'ave made a mistake in droppin' in 'ere. I don't wanter take yore money under false pretences, sir, like wot some o' the quack-quack Hem Pees wot don't believe in the wore take their four-'undred a yer. . . . Oh, *you* DO *remember you wos subjected to some impertinence w'en you wos 'ere larst.* Oh! Ah! H'm! . . . Oh, *this time you merely want a shave, not a lot of irrelevant and rude remarks?* Oh! Ah! Then I'm afraid I can't serve you to-day, sir. Once I got your 'ead in my 'ands I couldn't 'elp speaking out, sir. I'm boilin' as it is, sir. It wos bad enough larst June, w'en I told you orf fur bein' so potty an' kuppish in the 'Ouse w'en you wos awsked queschuns about the Army, etcetra. If you remember, you'd got in the narsty 'abit o' sayin' you "wosn't aware" o' this, or you "wosn't aware" o' that, w'en it wos yore juty to be aware of everythink concernin' yore depawtment. . . . *Do I refuse to shave you?* Yes, I do, sir. My nerves ain't in a fit state. You put me orl on a edge, sir. I 'aven't got over yore reply in the *H*aircraft debate in the 'Ouse larst week. If I shave yer it'll be at yore own risk, sir. . . . *Wot's my grievance?* Lummy, 'ark at 'im! Didn' chew say the probability of sich a n'air raid as that of the 31st January never crorsed yore mind? An' didn' chew put thet forward as a sorter lame excuse fur the country not bein' able to defend itself against Zepps? . . . It's no good, sir; you carn't deny it. I saw it in print. Now, wot I awsk is this: *W'y* didn't the probability crorse wot you're pleased to call yore mind? Wosn't there a Zepp. raid on the East Coast on the 19th January, nineteen-fifteen—thirteen months ago; and another at Newcastle ten months ago? Didn't they give you no warnin' an' suggest the probability of the Zepps. reachin' the Midlands? If the Zepps. could reach Newcastle, wot wos there to prevent 'em reachin' Sheffield? . . . *Easy to be wise arfter the event?* I know thet, sir; but you an' the Guy'ment wos *warned* time arfter time. W'y didn' chew awnser Joynson 'Icks' queschuns w'en 'e arsked chew about Winston Churchill's "swarm of 'ornets" an' the 'arf-a-dozen dirigibles wot the noo Colonel sed months an' months ago wos bein' built? I tell yer, sir, thet anti-*h*air raid debate 'as lef' the country very uneasy. No, we ain't in no panic, as you wos silly an' saucy enough to suggest, but we don't want our wives an' children killed orf like flies becos the Guy'ment 'as neglected its juty to prerteck them. . . . No, sir, I tell you I *won't* shave you to-day. I don't feel equal to it. I should feel as if I wos givin' you incouragement. . . . Orl right, orl right! You needn't bang the dore like thet! . . .

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for February 19th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 064,634 and A352,768. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

Judging by the entries for Mr. F. W. Wilmot's Lincolnfield Handicap, to be run for at Lingfield in April, flat racing prospects for the coming season are very promising. The 39 horses entered for the race include most of the best milers in training—although, of course, there are others entirely out of place. It is a typical Lincolnshire entry, only two three-year-olds being included in it.

The Gatwick "National" acceptances are also very satisfactory, only seven having gone out. Some attempt has been made to form a market on this race, Irish Mail—so well-backed last year at Liverpool—standing at the top of the quotations. Lord Marcus at first looked to be the most likely one of the Royston horses, but just of late he has given way to Alfred Noble. Father Confessor looks to be well handicapped.

Racing this week is at Colwall Park, and takes place to-day (Wednesday) and Thursday. To-day, I fancy KEVASOS for the Ledbury Hurdle, THE NAB for the Stewards' Hurdle, and HANNIBAL for the British Camp Steeplechase. To-morrow, I SAY should win the Moderate Hurdle, and LIMEROCK the Malvern Steeplechase.

The *Special* for this meeting was published on Tuesday, but will, of course, appear as usual on Thursday next week for the Lingfield Meeting.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 20.

Five readers sent coupons showing only two errors, and share the £100 prize, each receiving £20:—

THOS. HILL, 96, McLellan Street, Govan, Glasgow.
H. HEMINGWAY, 48, Sunderland St., Rosegrove, Burnley.
W. WEAVER, 61, Mill Bank, Wellington, Salop.
C. BURNETT, 61, Highgate Road, Copnor, Portsmouth.
ARCHD. CAIN, 22, Paisley Road, Renfrew, N.B.

For the convenience of competitors, our Football Competition has been transferred to page iii. of cover.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent correct claims:—

JAMES VANNER, 59, Replingham Road, Southfields, S.W. January 22. 002653
THOMAS MILES, 1, Coed Cae, Nantyglo, Mon. January 22. 834637.
L.-CPL. W. McFADDEN, "Y" Coy., The King's Own, Fort Stamford, Plymouth. January 22. A392003.
J. HIGHSMITH, 80, Newall Street, Bradford, Yorks. January 29. A235721.
W. SLATER, 130, Whetstone Lane, Birkenhead. February 5. A132838
HARRY FARAGHER, 16, Marlborough Avenue, Manley Park, Manchester. February 5. A241418.
MRS. A. HERRIOTT, 21, Montrose Street, Bolton Woods, Bradford. February 5. A201737.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of February 19th:—

006543	276393	526403	881957	A133178
028496	284473	545386	897003	A169384
037214	323596	616049	925832	A192189
073825	347893	643397	963631	A223367
081469	382116	655952	967306	A250049
106343	456729	675547	970475	A277123
153110	478267	731329	A002274	A280788
167583	482526	787506	A066568	A311368
226134	495001	844903	A085167	A347926
258175	514783	862451	A114413	A368241

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published March 1st).

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. February 26th, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

The Dentist, The Chair, and The Patient.

Extravagant Use of Forceps.

The activity amongst our leading dental practitioners and the hundreds of editorial articles, to say nothing of advertisements, that have appeared in the principal London newspapers, pointing out and showing clearly how and why decayed and decaying teeth affect the entire system, has had an excellent effect in bringing home to the public the importance of having their teeth attended to.

War Office and Volunteers' Teeth.

A still greater proof of the importance of sound teeth lies in the fact that hundreds of volunteers for Lord Kitchener's Army have been rejected owing to the condition of their teeth, so much so that some of our best practitioners have offered to give free dental service to volunteers, chief among whom is Mr. Goldberg, who was not only the first to offer this free dental service to volunteers, but had special dental Consulting Rooms fitted up at his premises at 27, New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, W., where such services could be rendered without interfering with his regular practice—a practice which, by the way, is unique, embracing as it does a large clientele of ladies and gentlemen of title and stage.

Now, as Mr. Goldberg, who is undoubtedly the most able exponent of modern dental science that has ever practised in this country of ours, says: "He would like to have a penny for every tooth that has been needlessly extracted." The fact is that these teeth extractors, because of sheer inability on their part to treat, save, and build up teeth that have a surface decay "yank" them out unceremoniously, causing frightful pain to the patient, in many instances incalculable danger, and in turn sell their victims an ill-fitting plate of false ones. The result is that amongst certain classes a fear of vogue in false teeth has set in one which all qualified and scientific dentists should strive to stamp out by all the means at their disposal.

Plates Unnecessary.

But, speaking of plates, modern dentistry has made these unnecessary, and for this much credit must undoubtedly go to Mr. Goldberg, who has introduced a new method of linking up false teeth, when necessary, to sound ones by means of an invisible bridge, which is not only stronger and more lasting, but more sightly, and affords greater regularity besides greater comfort to the wearer.

Gates to our Health.

In conclusion, the teeth, which are the very gates to our health, should be kept in perfect condition from childhood. Indeed, there are many who not only visit their dentist at regular intervals for inspection and repair of their teeth, but their children are sent as well, realising that sound "milk teeth," as they are usually called, assures a perfect and even growth of the second set.

Dr. Goldberg's Hours are from 10 to 6, and his 'Phone No. is Mayfair 2022.

NOTE from the Advertisement Manager of "JOHN BULL": "Mr. Goldberg has been falsely accused of being a German. We have investigated the matter, and the appearance of this announcement in our columns is sufficient contradiction."—(ADVT.)

WE WANT MORE WRIGLEY'S

SPEARMINT Chewing Gum

Let every parcel or letter you send to a soldier or sailor friend contain a few bars of Wrigley's—the sweetmeat they all want. Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum is the sweetmeat with an idea—the idea of combining a delicious flavour with something to refresh and invigorate the system. Wrigley's sales have boomed from the day that our gallant soldiers and sailors discovered its valuable tonic value. Munition workers and civilians likewise choose it because there is nothing like it.

Be sure it IS WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

the chewing gum with the fresh mint leaf flavour. Imitators never copy anything but the name. Safeguard yourself by insisting on Wrigley's.

5 bars 2½d. MAMMOTH BOX of 40 Bars 1/6.

Sold by all Chemists and Confectioners, and at all branches of Boots Cash Chemists. If you find any difficulty in obtaining it, apply direct to—

WRIGLEY'S LAMBETH PALACE Rd. ROAD. S.E.

I will teach YOU to play the Piano

Brilliantly without Practice-Drudgery,

Fatigue or Failure, even though you do not know a note of music now, I teach more in a few lessons by correspondence, **using ordinary music only**, than years of customary practice will do. **Proved by thousands during the last twelve years.** Scientific method with common-sense application. Send for a complimentary post free copy of my book—

"MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD,"

AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

COUPON 81

To Mr. H. BECKER,
81, Bristol House,
Holborn Viaduct, London.

Please send your free book. I am a

BEGINNER
MODERATE
ADVANCED
Player.

} Cross out the words that do NOT apply.

Name.....

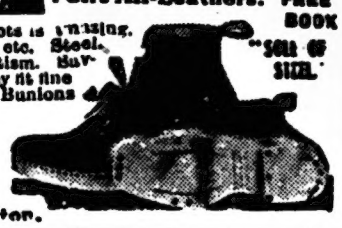
Address .....

Say if Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Steel Boot Book Saves £2 to £3

1 Pair outlasts 3 to 6 Pairs All-Leathers. FREE BOOK

The comfort, economy, and durability of Steel Boots is amazing. Thousands throwing away leather-soled boots, clogs, etc. Steel. Boots keep feet dry. No colds, sore throats, rheumatism. Saving in doctor's bills more than pays for them. They fit fine and feel easy—so light and comfortable—no Corns, Bunions or Soreness.



SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL TRY-ON.

Send for my free book, "THE SOLE OF STEEL," and learn how to save £2 to £3 on your Boot and Repair Bill.

W. H. BUTCHER & SON Steeleries, Northampton.

PERFECT SKIN BEAUTY

Should be the possession of every British woman and child. World-travellers are always delighted with the exquisite, natural complexions of England's beauties. This need not be the prerogative of Society people only, for Dr. Pogson's treatment is now within the reach of every person.

The particular beautifying and curative property, discovered by William Pogson, F.R.C.S., during 40 years' research, was incorporated by him in preparations for the skin, and the Doctor specially devised a soap as the easiest and pleasantest method of applying his treatment in the daily routine.

Dr. Pogson's Ointment and Soap together cure all skin ailments from a simple cut or burn to the severest disease. Try these famous preparations and judge their tremendous value.

Dr. Pogson's Skin Soap for Perfect Skin Beauty, 1s.
Dr. Pogson's Skin Ointment, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

Sold at all branches Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.; Boot's Cash Chemists; also leading Chemists, or direct from Pogson, Halton, Leeds.

YOU NEED a British-made Patent

Albion Treasury Note Case

Small, compact, safe, handsome. Send P.O. Cloth, 9d.; Imitation Leather, 1s.; Real Leather, 2s.; or the 3 for 3s. 3d., all post free. Special sizes for other Notes. AGENTS WANTED in all districts.
Address ALBION PRINTING CO., Ltd., George Street, Oldham.

Shorthand

Send for free booklet containing lesson, specimens and particulars of the rapidly-spreading

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN

system, which saves a year's study, and holds the world's reporting speed record. Sloan-Duployan Headquarters, Dept. 32, Ramsgate.

No more Rheumatism

Chameleon Oil robs rheumatism of its terrors. Quickly stops that torturing, excruciating pain, makes your days easy, and gives unbroken rest at night. Its efficacy does not depend on the vigour of your rubbing, for gently does it with Chameleon Oil. Its value is due to its remarkable and unique composition, which enables it to get below the surface and go straight to the cause of the trouble. Invaluable to soldiers in the trenches. Always keep a bottle handy. You may not need it to-day, but you will to-morrow.

Chameleon Oil

relieves and cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Strains, and Aches. Of Boots Cash Chemists, and all chemists and stores, 1s. 3d. and 3s., or post free 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Castle Laboratory, London. N.W

All horse, dog and cattle owners should use Veterinary Chameleon Oil (price 2s. and 4s. 3d.), which locates and cures lameness and disease. No other known preparation will do this.

GOVERNMENT PROTECTION

is secured for registered names "ZORO" and "ZOROINE" Patent Remedies for all Skin Troubles. Price 1s. 3d. Cure Sore Throat Intestines Piles, Varicose Veins, Bites, Burns Eczema etc. Free sample posted for twopence. From chemists or ALBION CHEMICAL CO., LTD., 5. Drury Street, Glasgow.

FOR COMFORT

Get a Genuine

SALMON ODY TRUSS

SUPPLIED ONLY FROM SALMON ODY, LTD.
7, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.
PARTICULARS FREE. *Est. 110 years.*

REMNANTS Make money quickly by selling as Remnant of Prints, Flannelettes Towels, Small wares, Hosiery Overalls, Blouses &c. Make 10 and 15/- Blouse length parcel sell quickly at big profits. Price List and advice free.
HARRY H. CLEGG (Dept. J.B.), 50, Newton Street, Manchester. (Old English Firm.)

DON'T DELAY—TRY "BULLETS" TO-DAY.

2nd PRIZE £25	FIRST PRIZE £250	2nd PRIZE £25

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	2000 OTHER HAND-SOME PRIZES

No. | Closing date, Thursday, March 2nd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(178) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 178," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. | Closing date, Thursday, March 2nd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(178) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next **Week's** Bullets" Competition, **No. 179. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 9th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **179** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. **179,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 179

GERMANY'S LATEST THREAT	GETTING SHORT	SOLD BY AUCTION	RISKY CALLING
LONELY SOLDIER	MANAGES TO PLEASE	BECOMING WIFE	WHEN FATHER'S TOUCHED
ON NIGHT DUTY	STRONG ARGUMENT	MAKES PEOPLE TALK	WIDE AWAKE
WON'T FIGHT	A DEAR GIRL	SECOND MATE	A BIG HIT
WHAT MASTER LIKES	BORROWING TROUBLE	LIKE A WOMAN	ON A GOOD THING

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on this page, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to John Bull and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 178:—

DODGING THE BLOCKADE
MAKING REPRISALS
WHAT AMERICA WANTS
OUR G VER.MENT
WHEN NOBODY'S LOOKING
WIDE AWAKE
A FAIR PROPOSAL
BLAMING ANOTHER
SORRY SHE SPOKE
ON SUNDAY
MERRY AND BRIGHT
IN DISGRACE
WHEN FISHER RETURNS
SPRING CLEANING
A NIGHT FLIGHT
COURTING DANGER
BEST LEFT ALONE
AWAY FROM HOME
WON'T WASH
A MODEST MAID
SLACKING OFF
SEEKING THE NEEDFUL
WHEN WIFE'S OUT
RED TAPE
IN THE LIMELIGHT
PAYING JOB
AWAITING THE DAY
YOUNG GENERAL
A FAIR POSER
MAKES KAISER SWEAR

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
BEST LEFT ALONE.
Bullet:—
BOSS IN BAD TEMPER.

Example:—
SLACKING OFF.
Bullet:—
NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Example:—
AWAITING THE DAY.
Bullet:—
TOMMY'S SWEETHEART.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated March 18th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's," dated February 26th.

RESULT OF 175TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:

Mr. E. C. JOHNSON,
Farlawn, Churchfields, Woodford, Essex.
Example:—LATEST INVENTION.
Bullet:—GERMANY'S "SEVENTEEN-INCH" "WHOPPER.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Miss M. ARMSTRONG,
121, Bolingbroke Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Example:—EXPECTING A RAID.
Bullet:—THANK HEAVEN IT'S "MOONSHINE."
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Miss S. EAGLES, Cottage Hospital, Mountsorrel, Loughborough:
HAVING IT OUT—THE "SPIRIT" WE LIKE.
Mr. SIDNEY JACKSON, c.o. 42, Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester:
AGREES WITH FATHER—SEEING DOUBLE—FEELING SINGLE.
Mrs. F. O'BYRNE, 2, Edward Street, Loughborough, Leicestershire:
MOST PLEASANT WHEN—NO "NEED" TO FEAR.
Mr. WM. H. CHURCH, 16, Ranelagh Rd., Leytonstone, N.E.:
NOBODY LIKES—"MATCHES" THAT "BREAK OFF."
Mrs. R. H. LINCOLN, 4, Herbert St., New North Rd., N.:
FELLING ANOTHER—RECOGNISING THE BABY'S RESEMBLANCE
Mr. J. OWEN, 106, Wallscote Road, Weston-super-Mare:
MAKES KAISER ILL—"FEARS" HE CANNOT MASTER.
Mr. W. G. BRAND, Junr., 8, Warrington Road, Ipswich:
GIVEN AWAY—CONJUROR'S ASSISTANT'S "YES, FATHER."
Mr. GEO. H. DICKSON, 2, Cowley Road, Ilford:
A BAD EGG—A RANK INSIDER.
Miss M. EGAN, 12, Upper George's Street, Kingstown, Co. Dublin:
A SMALL ADVANCE—SALESMAN'S OPINION—NOT CUSTOMER'S.
Mr. W. F. JUDSON, 35, Great Elms Road, Bromley, Kent:
MOST PLEASANT WHEN—WAR'S OVER—GERMANY'S UNDER.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. W. WILLIAMS, 51a, London Road, Croydon:
EMBRACES A LOT—WHEN A MAN'S "SINGLE."
Mr. L. J. EVERISS, 15, Thurlow St., Blackfriars Rd., S.E.:
A SMALL ADVANCE—COMPULSION. TOWARDS VICTORY.
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Miss CISSIE THOMAS, Cobalt, Aberbeeg, Mon.:
A SMALL ADVANCE—GREY DESCRIBING NEUTRAL IMPORTS
Miss NANCY MCFARLANE, 17, Exeter Road, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire:
EMBRACES A LOT—DANCING SALOONS, "LICENSES" DOES.
Mr. W. SNEDLEY, 17, Caton Street, Brooks's Bar, Manchester:
EXPECTING A RAID—WHEN NOT "GETTING WIND."

Mr. FRED ANDREW, 25, Oakbank Road, Woolston, Southampton:
MODEL WIFE—WHERE "MAKE HOME FOR."
Mr. F. H. BROWN, 50, Grange Road, Smethwick, Birmingham:
MINDING THE BABY—FATHER "SETS ABOUT IT."
Mr. HAROLD COLLINS, 10, Bishop's Road, Hanwell:
LEADING MAN—KAISER AS "LADY-KILLER."
Mrs. C. BANKS, 3, Agnes Villas, Holland Road, Clacton-on-Sea:
EXPECTING A RAID—PRECAUTIONS SCARCELY "ILLUMINATING."
Mr. HARRY BRADWELL, 25, Catherine Street, Dundee:
A SMALL ADVANCE—THEN EXCURSION TRAIN STOPS.

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, March 2nd

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

178 P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

If all four coupons are used, P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

No Closing Date, Thursday, March 2nd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(178) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If four Coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 178." "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 for an All-Correct Coupon.

£250 If One Error . . . . . .

£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK .

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, March 4th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Bury will beat Blackpool you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Blackpool will beat Bury then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross (X).*

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all-correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, March 3rd. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in ink. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished, only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM
			Bury	v.	Blackpool
			Liverpool	v.	Oldham A.
			Manchester U.	v.	Everton
			Preston N. E.	v.	Rochdale
			Stockport C.	v.	Manchester City
			Bradford	v.	Barnsley
			Hull City	v.	Sheffield U.
			Leicester F.	v.	Notts C.
			Fulham	v.	Chelsea
			Luton	v.	Millwall
			Croydon C.	v.	Watford
			West Ham	v.	Brentford
			Crystal P.	v.	Reading
			Arsenal	v.	Tottenham H.
			Dumbarton	v.	St. Mirren
			Raith R.	v.	Greenock Morton
			Queen's Park	v.	Third Lanark
			Kilmarnock	v.	Celtic

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. 23 Closing date, Friday, March 3rd

THE JUDGE'S OPINION.

All eyes turned to the legal chair,
The Chairman fragrance filled the air,
His Lordship simply revelled in it;
At length, with happy wit expressed,
This sentence to the court addressed:—
"These Chairman Juniors are the limit."

There are no finer cigarettes at a popular price than Chairman Juniors. They are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold at 3d. for 10. In quality of tobacco, care in their making and in all those properties which make a cigarette enjoyable, they represent the best that is possible at the price. There are no coupons or pictures with them—all the value is in the cigarettes. They are sold everywhere at

3d. for 10

Made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, LTD., Manchester.

THE TRIAL OF CHAIRMAN JUNIORS No. 1.

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